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THE GAMBLER.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

"Whenever you are tempted to play any game, for a single dollar or a single cent, remember AIKEN in his gloomy cell in the State prison, and his terrible confession: '*Gambling is a vice which I cannot overcome.*'"—NEW YORK LEDGER.

He has the shrewd knack
To shuffle the pack
And bring out an ace, a king, or a jack,
A heart or a spade,
As though they were made
By him, an adept at the trade.

But the heart he makes
Never beats nor breaks;
'Tis a pulseless thing, played for the stakes,
A thin painted cheat,
With no blood to beat,
Without pity, the type of deceit.

And there is the spade—
A sham, that is made
Not to dig with, or use in trade,
But to use in play,
All night and all day,
To get something for nothing that way.

The diamond is paste
Alas! how they waste
Their money, who seek wealth in haste!
A diamond of paint,
Neither rich nor quaint,
Is of no worth, to sinner or saint.

And the gambler's king
Is a vulgar thing,
Only fit for the blackleg's ring.
And his painted queen
Is common and mean;
Who in her company would be seen?

This lover of pelf
May stake himself,
When losses at play have swept his shelf;
Then the Father of sin,
With a frightful grin,
Will sit down at the table and win.

THE

BROADACRES TRAGEDY;

OR,

The Irrevocable Promise.

By CARLOTTA KINGSLEY,

AUTHOR OF "THE MYSTERY OF NO. 27," "FILIPPO, THE BANDIT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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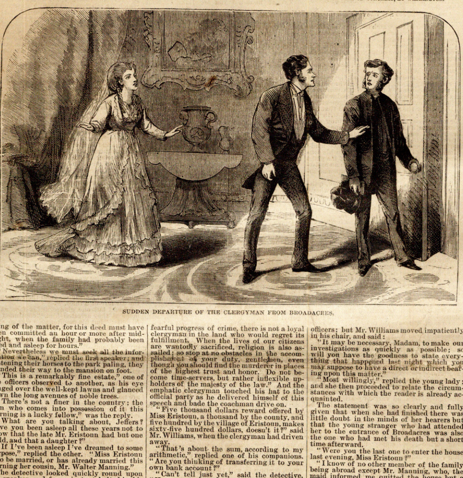

SUDDEN DEPARTURE OF THE CLERGYMAN FROM BROADACRES.

CHAPTER VI.

WILLIAMS THE DETECTIVE.

This is the man should do the bloody deed;
The image of a wicked, heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast.
KING JOHN.

Meanwhile, beside the park gates, and on the road which led to Eristoun, as well as along the footpath which, turning aside from the main road, led to the broad, deep creek, there was gathered a motley crowd of labor[illegible] idlers and officials, all watching with interest the efforts which were being made to discover the body of the unfortunate victim of the last night's tragedy.

As Walter Manning had said, there were sufficient evidences to warrant the belief that a foul crime had been committed, for blood had not only been found upon the road and turf, but a pistol had also been discovered with two of its barrels discharged, and with the butt gory and clotted with human blood. The matted turf showed that the struggle between the murderer and his victim had been one of some duration. Several articles were found, which had been carefully preserved by the officials, in the hope of throwing some light upon the mystery.

A boat had been launched upon the creek, [illegible] determined men, whose efforts were [illegible] by a munificent reward promised [illegible] the mistress of Broadacres, were zealously employed in dragging the stream.

Once they believed they were near the end [illegible] their labors, for the long iron hook with which [illegible] of the men was searching came to [illegible] surface with difficulty; a heavy weight [illegible]d it, and the first object which met [illegible] of the laborers was a dark woolen [illegible]—a man's coat.

[illegible] at which weighed so heavily upon [illegible] and pole was not the body of the [illegible] man. The coat was empty; only it [illegible] come entangled in a mass of boughs [illegible] it deceived the sturdy dredgers.

[illegible] down the stream, from the spot where were traces of the body having [illegible]wn in, to the dam a mile or more be[illegible] the wearisome search continued. As [illegible] in the boat became fatigued, [illegible] were supplied by others equally [illegible], and under the direction of responsi[illegible]ers from town the search was contin[illegible] dawn throughout the day.

[illegible] morning had not passed, however, be[illegible] party upon the road was joined by [illegible] higher in authority than those from [illegible]age, who, in accordance with Miss Eri[illegible]'s note, had hastened to Broadacres to [illegible] the mysterious affair.

Calling those aside who had taken charge of the articles found near the scene of the struggle, they were soon in full possession of the most reliable facts in the case, and there being a shrewd detective among their number, it was not long before his quick eye had discovered, among the articles given into their keeping, a clue which he fancied might prove a suggestive one.

He drew his companions aside, and under the shade of a large oak just without the boundaries of Broadacres, holding tightly in his hand the object which had awakened his suspicions, he said:

"Gentlemen, I think I have lighted upon something which may help us in unravelling this matter. I have only the merest thread of evidence, and before I declare what it may be, I think it would be best to act upon Miss Erist[illegible]ission, and begin our investigations by [illegible]ioning some of her people."

"We have already heard all they can tell about the affair," said a burly official, the sheriff of the county in which Broadacres was situated. "We questioned the most intelligent down by the creek, you remember, and cited them to appear before the coroner's jury as soon as the body should be found."

"Yes; but the body may not be found for a long while, and it is necessary in the mean time to get upon the traces of the murderer. I fancied from the way Miss Eristoun's note read, that [illegible] was more anxious that the [illegible] should be discovered, than that the body should be [illegible]"

"Well, [illegible]at do you propose doing?"

"We [illegible] better go to the house and question the se[illegible] and family there."

"It's littl[illegible] that they will know anything of the matter, for this deed must have been committed an hour or more after midnight, when the family had probably been abed and asleep for hours."

"Nevertheless we must seek all the information we can," replied the first speaker; and fastening their horses to the park paling, they wended their way to the mansion on foot.

"This is a remarkably fine estate," one of the officers observed to another, as his eye ranged over the well-kept lawns and glanced down the long avenues of noble trees.

"There's not a finer in the country; the man who comes into possession of it this morning is a lucky fellow," was the reply.

"What are you talking about, Jeffers? Have you been asleep all these years not to know that the late Mr. Eristoun had but one child, and that a daughter?"

"If I've been asleep I've dreamed to some purpose," replied the other. "Miss Eristoun is to be married, or has already married this morning her cousin, Mr. Walter Manning."

The detective looked quickly round upon the speaker, and for an instant halted in his walk.

"Come, Mr. Williams, are you going to back out? You need have no fear of encountering a grand wedding party, for the clergyman, Mr. Howardson, was the only guest invited."

Mr. Williams laughed, and thrusting what he held in his hand into his pocket, he mended his pace, and at that moment they came in sight of the house.

As they did so a carriage containing the clergyman from Preston dashed past them, but the occupant recognizing them called to the coachman to stop, and waiting until the party came up, he lowered the window and bade them a pleasant good-morning.

"Has anything new transpired upon the road?" he inquired. "I did not stop as I passed, for I was in some haste."

"Nothing, sir," replied the sheriff, approaching the carriage, followed by his three companions. "The men are still dragging the creek for the body, but as yet, without success. Our help did not seem to be needed there, so we are on our way to the house to see if we can elicit anything from the family—any little items, you know, which may lead to a knowledge of the murdered man, or of his murderer."

"I understand that Miss Eristoun, or rather Mrs. Manning, as we must soon call her," said the clergyman, with a smile, "has a clue which may possibly lead to the poor man's identification. It seems that she met a stranger near the park gates last night, and, if I mistake not, she describes him as being mounted upon a gray horse. Was that the color of the animal found by the roadside this morning?"

"It was, sir; and one other trace has since been discovered: the coat the men found in the water but a few moments before, was of English style and cut. You can see it for yourself as you return, for the constable from Eristoun has it in his keeping."

"Exactly," returned the clergyman. "It is said that Miss Eristoun spoke a few words with the stranger, and she gathered from his conversation that he had recently arrived from England; so I think there will be no difficulty in identifying the body when it is found. The greatest mystery seems to envelop the murderer. I hope you will do your duty, gentlemen, and let nothing divert you from your course. Murder is becoming alarmingly prevalent in the land; the densely populated cities have become accustomed to their occurrence, and have grown callous to their horrors, but I trust that in the country justice is not yet weary of holding her scales. Miss Eristoun takes a personal interest in this affair, for the crime was committed upon her own door-step, as one might say, and she offers a reward of five thousand dollars for the discovery and apprehension of the murderer."

Mr. Williams, the detective, pricked up his ears.

"That is a liberal offer," he said, "and I hope some needy fellow will be so fortunate as to earn it."

"I don't know whether you can be classed among the needy, Mr. Williams," said the clergyman; "but I hope the five thousand dollars may fall to your lot. Be indefatigable in the discharge of your duty; the church as well as the state is deeply interested in the observance of the laws, and if the capital punishment of one murderer can arrest the fearful progress of crime, there is not a loyal clergyman in the land who would regret its fulfillment. When the lives of our citizens are wantonly sacrificed, religion is also assailed; so stop at no obstacles in the accomplishment of your duty, gentlemen, even though you should find the murderer in places of the highest trust and honor. Do not become time-servers, but rather inflexible upholders of the majesty of the law." And the emphatic clergyman touched his hat to the official party as he delivered himself of this speech and bade the coachman drive on.

"Five thousand dollars reward offered by Miss Eristoun, a thousand by the county, and five hundred by the village of Eristoun, makes sixty-five hundred dollars, doesn't it?" said Mr. Williams, when the clergyman had driven away.

"That's about the sum, according to my arithmetic," replied one of his companions. "Are you thinking of transferring it to your own bank account?"

"Can't tell just yet," said the detective. "Have you brought any warrants along with you?" he asked suddenly, turning to the sheriff.

"I'm blest if I didn't leave them in my office," replied the person addressed, stopping in blank surprise and searching his pockets one after another. "But never mind; I don't believe they'll be needed to-day, and if they are I can ride over after them in a couple of hours."

As the sheriff finished speaking, the party reached the door of the Eristoun mansion, and hastening up the wide stone steps, their ring was quickly answered, and a moment after they were ushered into a small parlor, where they prepared to await the coming of the mistress of Broadacres.

But instead of Miss Eristoun, it was Mr. Walter Manning who shortly opened the door. His manner was calm and courteous as he greeted the officers.

"You are disappointed, perhaps, in not seeing the lady of Broadacres. She will so shortly become my wife that I have now claimed a husband's privilege of relieving her of a painful duty, for I rightly opine that your visit is connected with the melancholy event which took place last night. I am aware that she sent you word that every facility should be placed at your command to insure a thorough investigation of the affair, and I am quite at your service in affording you any aid. As I have come to Broadacres a stranger to those who will hereafter be my neighbors, and, I trust, my friends, it may not be inopportune to introduce myself as Mr. Manning—Walter Manning—formerly of Berkshire, England, the nephew of the late Mr. Eristoun."

He seated himself as he spoke, and with gentlemanly composure waited for his visitors to make an official declaration of their errand.

"As you have surmised," said the sheriff, "we have come upon a mission which is exciting the interest of the entire community. With your permission, we will question the servants of the family; and as we understand that Miss Eristoun has something of interest also to reveal, we hope that she will feel inclined to grant us an interview."

"Assuredly," replied the gentleman; and rising with alacrity, he rang the bell, and dispatched a servant to her mistress' apartment with the request that she would descend to the south parlor.

It was not long before the lady made her appearance. She had donned her spotless bridal robe, and now appeared prepared for the ceremonial to which she judged her cousin's message had summoned her.

She paused upon the threshold, and a faint flush overspread her pale face when she found herself in the presence of strangers; but her cousin's manner assured her, and instantly regaining her accustomed composure and dignity, she bade them resume their seats, and without a moment's hesitation then said:

"I need not tell you, gentlemen, that I am gratified by your coming, for I now recognize in you the officials whom I this morning summoned from Preston. I deeply regret the event which occasions your visit; but since so fearful an affair has taken place in the vicinity of my home, I am desirous that everything should be done to trace the perpetrator of the outrage."

"We were assured that such was your wish, otherwise we should not have presumed to call upon you at this time," said one of the officers; but Mr. Williams moved impatiently in his chair, and said:

"It may be necessary, Madam, to make our investigations as quickly as possible; so will you have the goodness to state everything that happened last night which you may suppose to have a direct or indirect bearing upon this matter."

"Most willingly," replied the young lady; and she then proceeded to relate the circumstances with which the reader is already acquainted.

The statement was so clearly and fully given that when she had finished there was little doubt in the minds of her hearers but that the young stranger who had attended her to the entrance of Broadacres was also the one who had met his death but a short time afterward.

"Were you the last one to enter the house last evening, Miss Eristoun?"

"I know of no other member of the family being abroad except Mr. Manning, who, the maid informed me, quitted the house but a few moments before, having become alarmed at my absence."

"How long did you remain abroad?" asked the sheriff, turning to the gentleman.

"Only a few moments. I went toward the gates to meet the lady, but she returned by the shorter avenue, while I went down the main approach. I thus missed meeting her, but through an opening in the trees I saw her enter the house after I had gone a few rods from the door, so I remained upon the terrace for a while to finish my cigar before entering the house."

"Did you hear anything of what might have been passing upon the road?"

"Nothing at all."

"You must certainly have heard Bruno bark and howl, Walter," remarked Miss Eristoun. "I heard him before I fell asleep, and he disturbed me throughout the night."

A faint flush overspread her cousin's face, and his eyes sought the floor for an instant.

"You are right," he presently said. "I did hear the dog, but I did not notice the occurrence at the time, for the moon was shining brightly, and I judged that the animal was only following out the instincts of his nature."

"Did you notice from what direction the howls and barks seemed to come, Miss Eristoun?"

"From the road, sir."

"At what time did you first hear them?"

"I heard the dog bark angrily shortly after I entered the house, and his mournful howls followed soon after."

"Did you say that he accompanied you to the door when you returned?"

"He did; and I think he must then have immediately gone back to the gates."

"Did you notice anything peculiar in the animal's manner during your walk, Miss Eristoun? Did he seem ill-natured or fractious?"

"He did not; he seemed quite in his usual humor. Yet stay—I do now remember that when the stranger opened the gates for me to pass and while I lingered an instant to thank him for his kindness, the animal bounded among the bushes, gave a short, quick bark, and then, when I recalled him to my side, he came reluctantly, and on our way back to the house, he growled in a discontented fashion."

"The dog's demonstrations reveal nothing in reality," said Walter Manning. "He is old, and has of late become so crabbed that he snarls and growls without any provocation whatever. I was forced to order him chained this morning."

Mr. Williams looked at the speaker from under his heavy eyebrows, but though he was a trifle paler than when he entered the room, his manner was as courtly and as undisturbed as before.

"Did the strange gentleman say anything in your hearing, Madam, which could throw any light upon his antecedents, or his errand in this part of the country?" said the sheriff, again turning to Miss Eristoun.

"He acknowledged having recently arrived from England, and told me he came upon a mission intimately connected with my father and myself."

"Did you question him as to its nature?"

"I did not, for it seemed to be his preference to wait until this morning."

"Were any other persons mentioned by either of you?"

"The name of my cousin, Mr. Manning, was mentioned once or twice, I believe."

"In what relation, may I inquire?"

"Merely in connection with family matters relating to my father's recent death."

"Was any reference made to Mr. Manning when the business which brought him to Broadacres was spoken of?" asked Mr. Williams.

"Knowing that I should be deeply engaged this morning, and supposing his errand related solely to business matters, I asked if his business could not be transacted as well with my cousin as with myself."

"And what reply did he make?"

"He gave a decided negative, and then I appointed a meeting with him myself this morning at nine o'clock."

"At what hour were you to have been married, ma'am?"

"The question is surely irrelevant, sir," said the young lady, looking at the detective with surprise; "nevertheless I do not hesitate to reply that ten was the appointed hour."

"Pardon my boldness, ma'am," returned the officer. "I only asked as a mere matter of form. I believe there is nothing more," he said, turning to his companions, and rising from his chair as he spoke.

"Has anything been discovered upon the road?" asked Walter Manning, of the sheriff.

"Nothing when we left," returned the officer. "Would you not like to walk as far as the creek with us? A coat has been found in the water which strikes me as of English make and fashion, and I would like to have your opinion regarding it."

"I should certainly be pleased to accompany you," replied the expectant bridegroom; "but you are undoubtedly aware that an engagement of peculiar interest detains me at this hour."

"Pardon me," said the sheriff, with a smile. "A bachelor of fifty years' standing may perhaps be excused for needing to be reminded of the fact."

While the usually haughty and reserved Walter Manning was thus, with unaccustomed urbanity, exchanging friendly words with the sheriff and his more immediate companions, one of them, Williams the detective, had, unobserved by him, escaped from the room.

As though well acquainted with the mansion, or rather guided by the exigencies of the occasion, he found his way to the not distant drawing-room, where the clergyman, Mr. Howardson, was impatiently awaiting the entrance of the pair whom he had come to unite in the holy bonds of marriage.

He looked up with some surprise when the detective entered, for he supposed the approaching footsteps were those of the prospective master of Broadacres.

"Ha, Mr. Williams," he said pleasantly; "did we live in a more superstitious age, I should consider it an ill omen that I have mistaken you for Mr. Manning."

"'Tis an omen which will result in good," the officer replied, advancing close to the clergyman's side.

Then he lowered his voice, and said hurriedly:

"You must make an excuse for leaving Broadacres immediately."

"What do you mean? I came hither to—"

"Never mind what was your errand hither, sir, you must not fulfill it."

"And wherefore not, pray? I have surely the right to know."

"Would you bring indelible disgrace upon the Eristoun name?"

"Certainly not."

"Then take my hint, and hurry back to town instantly."

"You ask too much, and without any apparent reason."

The officer took a step nearer, and whispered something in the minister's ear which caused him to fall back in terror, and to raise his hands helplessly toward heaven.

"What frenzy has taken possession of you?" he gasped. "You are assuredly beside yourself."

"I am not," the detective steadily replied. "Time is precious, so do as I have advised, sir, or Miss Eristoun's blighted happiness will haunt you forever."

He did not wait to add another word, but turning hurriedly away, he was gone before the affrighted clergyman had time to utter a single query.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NIGHT WATCH.

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace.
HAMLET.

The detective gained the door of the south parlor before his colleagues had left it, and while they were still exchanging their parting salutations with their urbane host.

His momentary absence, therefore, had not been observed, and he was about adding his adieux to those of his associates, when a voice behind him caused him to turn suddenly about, and then he beheld the clergyman whom a few moments before he had left in the drawing-room.

His countenance was extremely pale, and a tremor had taken possession of him which he could not entirely control.

"Mr. Manning," he said, advancing to the side of the Englishman, "I greatly regret being forced to appear discourteous or indecorous under this roof of all others, but a circumstance which I hope in the near future to fully and satisfactorily explain, obliges me to hasten back to town."

The gentleman addressed drew himself up, and with a surprised and indignant bearing gazed upon Mr. Howardson for some moments without replying. The clergyman bore the scrutiny without betraying himself, and the fear that haunted the detective that he had committed an indiscretion in warning him to leave Broadacres was set at rest.

"I do not understand you, sir," Mr. Manning presently said, with icy *hauteur*. "You understood the purport of my note, I think, and I believe you came hither to comply with my request."

"I certainly did," Mr. Howardson replied; "but," taking his watch from his pocket and noting the time, "I have already been absent from an important duty longer than I ought, and I must either beg you to postpone the ceremony I came here to celebrate, or accept my resignation of what, under other circumstances, I should consider one of the happiest events of my ministerial career."

The brow of Walter Manning darkened with anger, but Agatha Eristoun, who, during the whole of this scene, had been standing near her cousin, said courteously:

"I have no doubt, Mr. Howardson, that

your reasons for returning to town are most valid; and as I should be greatly opposed to receiving your resignation, we shall be forced, I think, to adopt your suggestion of a postponement. 'Twas by your hand that I received the baptismal cross, and none but yourself shall unite me in marriage."

The clergyman took the white hand of the speaker in his and pressed it to his lips, while tears of genuine emotion sprang to his eyes. The observations of the past few moments had unconsciously given rise to a strong prejudice against the man whom he had come to unite to the heiress of Broadacres, and the words of the detective were becoming less and less improbable.

Mr. Howardson turned toward the door, and was making his parting salutations to the group before him, when a detaining hand was laid upon his arm, and Walter Manning said:

"This extreme haste is surely unnecessary, or if your return is indeed so urgent, you shall be detained but a second longer. The ceremony can take place as we stand; let it be as brief as possible, and these gentlemen who surround us can act as witnesses."

But the clergyman shook his head gravely and decidedly, and Agatha, whose spirits had unaccountably risen during the past few moments, said gayly:

"No, no, Cousin Walter, I will never consent to such a shabby bridal. A long ceremony is the only thing which can reconcile me to the lack of guests and all the other accompaniments of a wedding. A long prayer at least would assuredly be most appropriate; so the marriage must be postponed. Luzette will not mind dressing another bride, and a second time I shall myself feel more at home in this strange attire."

"Then you won't consent to my proposal?" said her cousin, looking down upon her with a look of intense meaning in his dusky eyes.

"No," she said; "I shall claim a maiden's prerogative to the last. I clearly see that this is not fated to be my wedding-day; so it shall be postponed."

Something which seemed greatly like a smothered oath escaped the lips of Walter Manning as he turned abruptly away, and stood for a moment looking out of the window.

He saw the clergyman pass down the wide entrance to the mansion, and entering his carriage, drive away. Something like a sense of defeat took possession of him as the sound of the receding vehicle died away, but his indomitable will soon came to his rescue, and resuming his usual manner, he turned toward his companions, and said:

"This *contretemps*, gentlemen, is certainly not without its advantages, since it affords me an opportunity of rendering you some slight assistance in your search. I will accompany you on your way back to the road, and inspect the garment you alluded to a few moments ago."

He took leave of his cousin with every apparent evidence of amiable devotion, and resigning her to the care of Mrs. Masterton, who had joined them some moments before, he quitted the mansion with the official party.

Preceded by the sheriff, they prepared to return to the park gates by the way they had come, but Mr. Williams, who, with the presumptive master of Broadacres, walked in the rear of the group, proposed that they should return by the chestnut avenue. He had seen a dog kennel near an angle of the house around which the chestnut avenue led, and he had taken a fancy to walk in that direction.

Bruno lay stretched at full length upon the grass as the party approached. He opened one eye sleepily, and glanced at the foremost passers by with a lazy indifference, but when the Englishman and Mr. Williams came opposite he suddenly sprang toward them, and with every sign of the most violent rage tugged at his chain to be free.

"What ails the animal?" cried the sheriff, looking back in surprise. "Upon my word he's a dangerous fellow!"

"So I assured you," replied Walter Manning. "It is a risk to let him live, but Miss Eristoun values the creature because he was a favorite with her father, and so will not have him shot."

"He seemed quiet enough until we came along," remarked Mr. Williams to his host.

"He is full of freaks and savage whims, and there's no knowing where or when he will break out," was the reply.

Mr. Williams thrust his hands into his pocket, and sauntered along for some seconds in silence. Presently he drew his right hand forth and said:

"By the way, here is something that was picked up this morning near the scene of last night's struggle, and which may throw some light upon the affair."

As he spoke, he showed the other a gold watch seal that had evidently been broken from a gentleman's chain.

"Can you decipher the letters engraved upon it? To me they look like a W and M."

Walter Manning took the seal in his hand, and examined it with interest.

"I think you are right," he said. "The seal is an old one and the lettering is much worn, yet the characters seem still quite plain. Do you fancy it belongs to the murdered man?"

"No," replied the detective, looking the questioner full in the face. "It belongs to the murderer."

The words which passed between the two had not been overheard by the others, and as they were some distance in advance, neither did they see the proud Englishman change color and pass his hand before his eyes.

"I differ from you," he said directly. "If Miss Eristoun's opinion is correct, and the stranger she met last night was one of her father's confidential agents from England, then the seal belongs to him, for there is one whose name answers to these initials."

"There is very little likelihood that your supposition is correct," replied the detective brusquely.

He looked at his companion covertly, and noticed that his heavy watch chain lacked the usual accompaniments of key and seal.

The eyes of the two men at length met in a full open stare.

"What is the total amount offered for the apprehension of the murderer?" asked Agatha Eristoun's accepted husband.

"Sixty-five hundred dollars."

"Would ten thousand be a greater consideration to you?"

"No."

"Then forget that it has been proposed," said the Englishman haughtily.

They had now reached the road, and were within sight of the creek where the men were still busy at their tiresome work.

"Has anything been found?" asked the foremost officer.

"No, sir, and I doubt if there will be here. The body must have been carried over the dam, and for one I'm in favor of looking below it for a while."

"It couldn't possibly pass the dam," said the first speaker. "The water isn't high enough. There are so many curves in the stream, it must have lodged somewhere below the surface."

"We've looked wherever we thought there was a likelihood of finding it, but nothing yet has been discovered except the coat."

"That reminds me," said the officer. "Just show it to this gentleman, won't you? He'll know whether it was worn by an Englishman or not."

The garment was produced, and after examining it minutely and with composure, Walter Manning assured the officials that it did indeed seem to be of English make, being of the same style and material that travellers on the Continent and in England usually wore.

Mr. Williams' eye caught sight of a small rent in the back of the garment, between the shoulders.

"The poor fellow was shot in the back," he said, pointing to his discovery. "I wonder if his murderer was in ambush and surprised him with a shot, or if, being unarmed, he turned to save himself by flight."

"That cannot be told now," was the reply; "but mark my words, the whole thing will be brought to light before we've done with it."

For some time longer they lingered upon the bank of the stream, and in the vicinity of the blood-stained turf, discussing the probable circumstances of the affair, and hazarding many surmises respecting the perpetrator of the deed.

The future master of Broadacres, as was natural, seemed most anxious that some definite conjecture should be arrived at, and he lost no opportunity of ingratiating himself into the favor of his companions. At length, however, twilight approaching, he turned to leave the spot, wishing the officials success in the discharge of their duty, and again promising them every needed assistance from Broadacres.

"Zounds!" cried Williams, as he saw him walk away and disappear in the gloom of the shady avenue. "If coolness can save a man, that one'll die peaceably in his bed. I say," he continued, turning to his chief, "are you quite certain you forgot to bring any warrants with you?"

"As sure as I am that they won't be needed to-day," replied the sheriff.

Then delegating the authorities from Eristoun to attend to the discharge of his duties until the next day, he called to his companions to mount their horses and return to town.

"I don't go home to-night," said Williams. "This affair will keep me here; but be sure you come over early in the morning with a warrant. I fancy there'll be need of one by that time."

"Do you suspect any one?" asked the sheriff.

"I shall be on the watch to-night, and think I can promise you some news by to-morrow," was the evasive reply.

"Well, keep your secrets to yourself, if it won't do to tell them quite yet," returned the other; and with that he mounted his horse and rode away, followed by all his companions except Williams.

For once the detective was on the point of overreaching himself. Fully convinced that he had discovered a trace of the murderer, his avarice, of which he had an undue share, triumphed over his usual good judgment.

Dazzled by the munificent reward that had been offered; perhaps, too, touched with pity for one whom he had that morning seen young, beautiful, and apparently happy; and desirous, it may be, of completing the chain of evidence before he made any disclosures—perhaps, I say, these considerations made him resolve to keep his secret within his own breast, and thus risk the success of his plans rather than share the reward with an assistant, or inflict an indelible injury upon an innocent household.

He waited until nightfall, and then, quitting his position beside the stream, where, ever since the departure of his companions, he had been busied watching and assisting those who were at work, he entered the park, and took his way toward the house.

It was his purpose to patrol the terrace before the mansion, and keep a watchful eye upon its doors, that he whom he suspected of being engaged in this foul murder should not escape.

When he began his watch, the lights were one by one illuminated in those parts of the spacious mansion occupied by the family. Through the open casements he could see various persons passing from room to room, and he could note their occupations as they sat or stood.

The beautiful heiress of Broadacres was in the library, whose broad windows, opening down to the floor, permitted the concealed detective to see whatever passed within the apartment. She seemed to be deeply engaged in conversation with some person who was concealed from Williams' view by the drapery of the window.

An elderly lady, Mrs. Masterton, sat near with a volume in her hand, but she seemed to be too deeply interested in the conversation then transpiring to devote much time to her reading.

The detective was impatient to discover whether the object of his espionage was the third person in the apartment or not, but although he took up various positions on the lawn, and resorted to divers expedients to ascertain, his purpose was for a long time frustrated.

At length, however, a friendly breeze wafted the curtain for an instant away from the casement, and he saw the Englishman standing before the empty fireplace, leaning against the mantel with one arm, and speaking to his cousin with animation and pleasure.

A pang shot through even the detective's mechanical heart as he beheld the picture, for it was really no pleasure to him to bring death and disgrace upon the noble name of Eristoun. He questioned within himself whether he should not compound the matter, and if ten thousand dollars would not be sufficient to still the voice of conscience.

Yet the remembrance of the clergyman's words in the morning, superfluous as they then appeared, recurred to his memory now with opportune force, and clinching his hands firmly, he resolved that *justice should* be meted out to the high as well as to the low, to the rich equally with the poor.

"I wonder the fellow can stand there so happy and unconcerned, when he knows what my suspicions are," he mused, as he paced up and down the densely shaded terrace. "Perhaps he fancies that he will be able to throw doubt upon my evidence, but he doesn't know that I have other proofs which cannot be denied."

Gradually the lights in the mansion were one by one extinguished, but those in the library still shone brightly forth. Presently the elderly lady arose and left the room; shortly after the mistress of Broadacres herself followed, and then her suspected lover, leaving his position before the mantel, paced the room backward and forward, his hands clasped behind him, and apparently buried in deep reflection.

His meditations did not seem to be those of a guilty man, neither did his manner indicate any excitement or apprehension, and the detective was almost ashamed of his suspicions, yet he could not so unreasonably give up convictions which a few hours before had been so strong, and he resolved to complete what he had undertaken for the night, and still maintain a strict watch upon the mansion.

Presently Walter Manning also left the room. The detective saw him light a curiously fashioned crystal lamp at the Argand burner which gleamed so brightly upon the centre table, and he also noticed the dim light as it was carried past window after window in the long corridor which ran through the south wing of the mansion.

Losing it for a moment, it soon reappeared in the upper story, and paused at a window two tiers above that part of the building which had been used by its original occupants as a sort of guard-room or armory, when the unsettled state of the country made such warlike provisions necessary.

"He has chosen a lonely chamber, methinks," said the spy on the terrace. "Yet probably it best suits his nature and his present thoughts. There, the light is out at last, and now I suppose I may relax my watch, for without doubt he will be sound asleep before I can take three more turns."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LAPLAND CRADLES AND BABIES.—The Lapland cradle is a queer thing. It looks like a sledge, with the lower part open. Before the child is placed in it, it is stuffed with fine soft moss. If the mother wishes to carry the child with her, she fastens the cradle on her back, with the child's head peeping over her shoulder. If she had rather leave it at home, alone, she lets down the cloth at the cradle head to keep off the gnats, sunshine, or cold; and if there are wolves in the neighborhood, she hangs it on a tree. As the wind breezes up, the child rocks to and fro, and lies quietly enough.

QUITE AN ADVENTURE.

BY MATHILDE ESTVAN.

"There, girls, what on earth shall we do? I either forgot or lost my pocket-book," said a young lady in the Sixth Avenue car, to two girls of about her own age who had entered with her.

"Why, Mary! And you know Mattie spent every cent she possessed on ice-cream, and I gave my last twenty-five cents to that poor woman," said the small dark-eyed girl sitting at her right side.

"Let us immediately stop the car and go," said Mattie, a tall, slender girl, with an abundance of blonde curls.

"Stop the car?" said Mary, who had once more looked over the contents of her pocket, vainly hoping to find in a corner of it some lost pennies. "It will be just as bad to leave now without paying as when we have arrived at Forty-fifth street."

"But now the car is empty. That gentleman over there is too much engrossed in his paper to notice anything. If we pass even a few streets more, the car will be crowded, and we cannot get out without exciting some remark."

"Well, but you do not think that the conductor will permit us to leave without having paid? I have already made up my mind to stay here until pa sends the police in search of me," said Emily, the dark-eyed girl, making herself more comfortable in the corner where she was sitting.

"What nonsense you are talking!" said Mattie.

"What can he do, when we have no money?"

"What can he do? Tell us to walk, instead of luxuriously riding in the street car, and spreading our skirts as if five cents were nothing to us," said Emily.

"Oh, girls, I know what we can do. Just set your minds at rest," said Mary, with a radiant countenance, when the car had to stop near Eighth street, as the horse of one of the preceding ones had fallen down. "We will give the conductor a breastpin or a ring, and tell him to keep it until we send the money. Is not that a splendid idea?"

"Yes, it is good enough; but I feel almost ready to cry. Just think what a disgrace! I am sure to-morrow it will be in all the papers, that three elegantly dressed young ladies had no money to pay their car fare, and had to pawn their trinkets. Oh, girls, I wish we had never ventured to go alone to New York. Who knows whether that gentleman over there is not a reporter. Dear, dear, I shall not dare to show my face again in the streets," said Mattie despairingly.

"Pshaw, don't take it so tragically," said Emily. "If the conductor refuses the ring, we will offer him one of your golden curls, and he will surely give us a free ticket for the rest of our lives."

"Oh, girls, there he comes! I feel as if I must faint," said Mattie.

"That would be capital! Please do faint, but without loss of time; that will cause the conductor to stop the car, and in the excitement of the moment we quite naturally forgot to pay," said Emily; while Mary with a thoughtful brow was studying what she should say to the conductor.

The latter had meanwhile gone to collect the fare from the above-mentioned gentleman, and a few other persons who had entered. Even the light-hearted Emily felt as if she should drop, when the gentleman, without emerging from behind his newspaper, gave the conductor money, and holding up four fingers, indicated that he should retain the fare for so many persons.

"Mary, my breath is clean gone," whispered Emily.

"He must have heard every word that we spoke," returned Mary.

"What an ear he must possess!" said Emily. "I am almost afraid to think, fearing he may hear my thoughts."

"Is it not dreadful that a stranger paid for us?" whispered Mattie.

"Yes, it is certainly anything but agreeable," replied Emily; "but I am glad, any how, that I can look my natural self again, because I felt in duty bound to look sad and melancholy whenever the conductor glanced toward us."

"How shall we ever return the money to the gentleman?" inquired Mattie.

"Nothing easier," replied Emily. "We will publish to-morrow in all the leading papers that by identifying himself clearly, the gentleman who most generously paid the car fare for three maidens in distress, can receive the sum advanced in current money at the house of one of the damsels; but of course we do not insert our addresses. The gentleman, reading it, will think us honest, but—forgetful."

"Oh, Emily, I wish you would, for once in your life, speak rationally, and suggest something sensible," said Mattie.

"Forty-fifth street," called the conductor, and our three young ladies rose to leave the car.

It was really curious to see their faces when they passed the gentleman. Mattie, nose in air, did not look at him. Mary, blushing scarlet, although he never came in sight from behind his paper, looked through the opposite window; but Emily, rosy red, bent her lovely face toward him, whispering, "Thanks, sir;" and then, without waiting for the car to stop, jumped off.

The three young girls thus unceremoniously introduced to the reader in the street car, were Mary Foster and Mattie and Emily Lockwood, intimate friends ever since they had been little children. They lived near Keyport, New Jersey, and had come to-day to the metropolis to pay a visit to Mary's sister, who, having married in New York, was recently established in her new home, and desired to show her friends her talents as housekeeper.

"Oh, girls," cried she, from way up stairs, when the three young ladies had entered the house—the door being opened by a bewildered and forlorn looking creature—"I am so glad that you came. I am in a dreadful dilemma. But go into the parlor; I am coming immediately."

The girls were somewhat disappointed by the appearance of the servant who ushered them into the parlor, and also by the visible disorder reigning in the handsome large hall, which was filled with brooms, brushes, dustpans, etc.

"A good angel gave you the idea to come to-day," said Helen, a superb looking young woman, whose beauty suffered nothing by the plain morning toilet and tucked up hair.

"Just imagine my distress. Yesterday my servants went away, and an hour later, John," her husband, "received a letter from two of his college friends, saying that they were coming to-day to New York, and would dine with us. Now think of my despair. The girl that opened the door for you John sent me to-day from an intelligence office, because I could not leave the house.

"Which of you can cook? I must have a nice dinner; you know men are so apt to judge their friend's happiness by the table his wife sets."

"I can make a delicious pudding," said Emily.

"I the best pie you ever did eat," said Mary.

"I biscuits, wafers, and all sorts of nice cakes," cried Mattie.

"Well, but what about the meat and vegetables?" asked Helen, who seemed not half as enthusiastic on hearing her friends enumerate their various talents as they had expected.

"Pshaw! to cook meat and vegetables is nothing," said Emily. "It requires no art whatever. Be glad that you find us more advanced in the culinary science. Anybody can cook potatoes and beefsteak."

"Well," returned Helen, somewhat intimidated by Emily's tone, "but John has sent a roast, fowls, fish and—"

"Do not trouble yourself; nothing easier than roasting meat. You just salt and pepper it, set it on the fire, or if you prefer it, in the oven, and take it out at dinner-time. But come, girls, let us go to work. Can you give us some large aprons, Helen? As my rice-pudding must be eaten cold, I have to go and prepare it without delay."

The young ladies tucked up their sleeves, and went into the kitchen, where the utmost confusion soon prevailed. The greatest trial without doubt was Emily's rice, which, although it had not been a stewpanful when she first set it over the fire, became constantly more and more, and ere long filled the whole range with stewpans of every size and description.

"Oh, Helen, what is in this rice of yours? I never saw anything like it. Never mind how much it boils, it is getting more and more. What shall I do? You will have to send for some more stewpans; I have used all you possess," cried Emily, greatly distressed when again all the stewpans boiled over, and required additional companions.

All three girls bent their wondering faces over the bubbling and prattling rice, but it was the savage and bewildered looking servant girl who said:

"You took too much rice, Miss. A cupful would have been enough, and I saw you weighing three pounds."

"Can you cook?" inquired Mrs. Nichols, who had not ventured to ask before, as the girl looked too green to allow of such supposition.

"Yes, Madam," answered she promptly.

She was before long the directing genius in the kitchen, and the young ladies her humble handmaidens.

Evening had come, and the house of Mr. Nichols bore not a trace of the despair in which its mistress had been in the morning. Everything was bright and cheerful, and even Bridget, with the help of soap and water, looked smart and tidy.

The table in the dining-room, surrounded by young, handsome and merry faces, presented an inviting scene, and it was evident that Percy Witmore and Arthur Ives, the two friends of Mr. Nichols, thought that it was really worth the while to imitate the young host's example, namely, to marry and be happy.

Percy Witmore, a fine looking young man, to whose name lately an M. D. had been affixed, seemed to be from the first quite enchanted with Emily, while Arthur Ives as yet divided his attentions between Mary and Mattie.

The music after dinner in the parlor brought the young people still nearer together; and after the ladies had sung and played all they knew by heart, they chatted merrily, New York being the theme of their conversation.

"Something very disagreeable happened this evening in the car, while I was coming from my place of business," said Mr. Nichols. "They arrested a pickpocket. He was detected because he gave a dollar to a poor woman who came into the car, and had no money to pay for her boy. The conductor seeing the pocket-book, recognized it as one that a lady had missed yesterday, and described to him. The man seemed like Robin Hood, to take from the rich and give to the poor. He was one of the most gentlemanly looking fellows I ever saw, and strong as a lion; he gave three or four men work enough before they were able to carry him off. He was sitting opposite me for more than twenty blocks, but he was so deeply interested in his paper that he never looked up."

Here the girls exchanged a meaning glance. They thought immediately that their cavalier of the morning was nobody else but this pickpocket, and their imaginations began to paint in glaring colors most disgraceful consequences that could arise from their accepting the car fare of a thief.

"I had but one glance at his face at the moment they arrested him," continued Mr. Nichols; "but his countenance was so striking that I shall not easily forget him. They say that when his trial comes off, a great many persons benefited by his liberality will be involved, and—"

"What's the matter, girls? You all three look like ghosts. Please, John, do not continue with your story. Ever since you began it, they have looked as if frightened to death," interrupted Helen.

"No one is going to harm you, you chicken-hearts," laughed John. "One sees that you are no New York girls, or you would be more used to similar tales."

"Oh, it is not that," said Emily, with quivering lips. "It is— Had I not better tell, that they may advise us what to do?" added she, turning to Mary and Mattie, who both seemed ready to cry.

"Yes," nodded they, unable to utter a word.

"Well, for patience sake, what is the matter?" exclaimed Helen, becoming quite excited. "You really do look as if you stood in some connection with that pickpocket."

"We do stand in some connection with that pickpocket," said Emily very humbly. Percy opened wide his fine eyes. "Just think how disgraceful! We belong to those benefited by his crime. He"—spoken very low, and with downcast eyes—"paid the car fare for us to-day."

If a thunderbolt had suddenly struck into the room, the surprise of all at this startling announcement could not have been greater. Only one—Percy—said not a word, but laughed until tears filled his eyes.

"I wonder what Dr. Witmore finds so amusing in this, particularly when he sees how worried we all are," said Emily, quite offended at the young man's hilarity.

"Oh, Miss Emily, do forgive me," said Percy, breaking into a new burst of laughter every time that he looked at the distressed faces of the young ladies; "but I think it is too bad that you take me for a pickpocket."

"You?" said Emily, more and more indignant at his levity, in a moment so fraught with dread and horror. "Nobody speaks of you."

"Excuse me, Miss; but you were just now speaking of me, as it was I who paid the car fare for you."

A sigh of relief broke from the lips of the three girls when, telling their conversation in the car to Mrs. Nichols, Percy proved plainly that they were not indebted to the pickpocket for the fare.

The evening wore away amid great merriment, and the poor girls had much to suffer from the banterings of the others.

Percy the next day accompanied the young ladies to Keyport, and has since then so frequently visited Emily, that we are much inclined to believe the report is true that he is engaged to the young lady.

A FAMILIAR PHRASE.

The phrase, "The devil to pay," is not so profane in its origin, nor so illegitimate, as some might suppose. Most of the common expletive sayings of the day have a parentage legitimate and proper, and the foregoing is not an exception. The startling word is not necessarily impious or irreverent. We have the "devil-fish," and we have in the printing-office a youthful specimen of humanity who cannot be understandingly designated to the craft without borrowing the Plutonic appellative. The phrase in question doubtless originated in a printing-office, on the occasion of the Saturday night's settlement of weekly accounts. The publisher, with a scant purse, receives the ominous call of his foreman.

"Well, John, how is it? What must I pay to-night?"

"Typus wants five dollars; and Shootingstick wants four; and Siderule says he must have seven."

"Mercy, John, you'll clean me out entirely. My subscribers haven't done a thing at paying up this week. But—let's see,—yes,—here's the money."

"And, sir,—I should like a few dollars for myself."

"That's bad!—But here you have it—all I've got."

"But, sir, you forget,—*there's the devil to pay.*"

And can we wonder that thereafter, when the poor publisher wished to particularly emphasize what he deemed to be a perfect crusher in the way of business, he borrowed this significant phrase? C.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A FOP, wishing to excite the higher sentiments of his lady-love, and turn her mind to the contemplation of noble themes, said, "Maria, what do you suppose I was a hundred years ago?" To which Maria responded, "Just what you are now—nothing at all!"

A LONG BRIDGE.—A Paris paper, speaking of the Victoria bridge over the St. Lawrence, says, "It extends from the shore of Portland, in Maine, to Port Sarnia, near Lake Huron." That statement will make the school-children of America laugh.

A WESTERN poet gives a new version of an oft-quoted stanza, thus:

"Politicians' lives remind us
That contentment's sure to scoff us,
If we leave our wits behind us
In struggles to get into office."

THE N. Y. *Herald*, a while ago, stated that the Geneva arbitrators had gone to the Pennine Alps, four thousand miles above the sea. The High Joint Commissioners themselves never got as high as this position of their successors the arbitrators.

THERE are more acres in Mexico than in any other country of the same area in the world. For, in addition to the millions of acres of her territory, are to be added the millions of wiseacres who are never at peace except when fighting.

"WHO was the meekest man?" asked a teacher of a bright boy. "Moses, sir," was the answer. "Very well, my boy; and now, who was the meekest woman?" "Please, sir, there never was any meekest woman!"

THE botanists tell us of the *Coriaria thymifolia*, or ink plant of New Grenada. The juice which it affords is a little red. We should judge that some papers were printed in this ink, as they, too, are but little read.

A COLORADO paper says, "We hope our next Legislature will vote funds for the establishment of a hospital for the deluded individuals who come to this State to die. This is too healthy a climate for such people."

THE insanity plea has lately received a new development in Philadelphia, the counsel for a convicted murderer in that city having moved for a new trial on the ground that one of the jurors was insane.

IN this hot political campaign we find that any one who has the least aspiration for office at the hands of his friends, must also be subject to exasperation at the hands of his opponents.

THE proprietor of a rendezvous for thieves being brought before the Justice in this city, undertook to get up an honest reputation by claiming to be superintendent of the steal works.

DURING the hot weather, Peg said she had been all over the house, and found the kitchen everywhere; explaining that she had visited every room and found it cool in nary department.

"JOHNNY'S got a bite!" cried a member of a fishing party, whereupon a little girl exclaimed, "And he's such a *leetle* boy too! Why, he only reads in the primer!"

DOCTOR—to a sailor in a hospital—"Well, my man, have you taken any remedies yet?" *Sailor*: "No; but they've dosed me nearly to death with physic!"

SPEAKING of the longevity which seems to follow certain professions, it is noted that, of all men, mathematicians are most given to a figure-ous old-age.

OF all the vessels which ply the lakes, the Lake Superior craft are most liable to sink, as they are always, on their passage down, ore laden.

IT was suggested that an advocate of ou[illegible] government's interfering in the affairs of othe[illegible] nations should be rewarded with a *meddle*.

IN the controversy between Oracle and A[illegible]ricle, it has been decided that it was the busin[illegible] of Oracle to speak, and the Auricle to ear.

ITALIAN lovers have to be very circu[illegible]spect. In no country in the world are the lacs more given to jalousie than in Italy.

IT was said of a late horse that he died of intemperance, because the end of him was whis-ky.

HOW should owners of horses look at the late horse epidemic? With a phil-'os-oph-ic eye.

A COMMUNITY that was always in hot water—the ancient Skalds.

WHY is a goose like a cow's tail? Because they both grow down.

WHEN is a young lady very like a whale? When she's pouting.

CURRENT ITEMS.

IN Troy, N. Y., a boy who was stealing [illegible] ride by hanging on to the rear platform of a c[illegible] missed his hold and fell to the ground, immediat[illegible] in front of a horse attached to a wagon, which [illegible] following the car. The horse stepped over [illegible] lad, who lay in such a position that the w[illegible] wheels passed each side of him, and he esc[illegible] much frightened, but without a scratch.

A DRUNKARD living in Georgiaville, [illegible] beat his wife, the other night, till she fled [illegible]m the house. He then went to the rooms of a [illegible]h-bor and attempted to beat him, but the ne[illegible]or seized a pistol and shot his drunken assai[illegible]in-flicting a mortal wound, of which he die[illegible] the course of a few hours.

THE other day, as an employe in a [illegible]ory in Warren, Mass., was cleaning the sha[illegible] the sleeve of his workman's frock was caug[illegible]nd he was carried around the joists and [illegible]ting, through a space sixteen inches wide, an[illegible]tirely stripped of his clothing, yet strange[illegible]y was not seriously injured.

A FAMILY consisting of father, m[illegible]r and three children, living in Marion county, [illegible] were recently buried beneath the roof [illegible] house, which fell in while they were asle[illegible] bed. When found, the mother and chil[illegible] dead, and the man so fastened in by th[illegible] to be unable to move.

A CARPENTER in South Dartmouth stu[illegible] nail in his foot, by jumping upon a pile of s[illegible]gles, and the wound becoming painful [illegible] home. He did not think the injury d[illegible] however, and did nothing for it, but [illegible] morning he was seized with lockjaw, and [illegible] he was dead.

TWO young Missourians laid a wa[illegible] which could produce the fastest spide[illegible] to take place on plates, each spider [illegible] plate. One of the insects would hardl[illegible] the other ran with great speed. The [illegible] the bet gave his spider a hot plate, a[illegible] wager.

IT is said that the Chinese sho[illegible] North Adams have so fully master[illegible] that they now produce larger res[illegible] than the same number of white hands [illegible]tomed to do two years ago. They work [illegible] ask for no holidays, and save their earni[illegible]

A MAN in Big Creek, near Memphi[illegible], last week, was flourishing a pistol in a [illegible]k-less manner, and when remonstrated wi[illegible] at the timidity of the bystanders, and [illegible]ove that the weapon was harmless, pointe[illegible] his breast and fired, killing himself instan[illegible]

THE new system of public instr[illegible] in Japan will involve the establishment of fifty-five thousand public schools, which will require [illegible]bout two hundred thousand teachers. It strik[illegible] us that here will be great chances for unem[illegible]yed teaching talent.

ON Monday night of last week an engi[illegible]eer on the Vermont Central Railroad fastened [illegible]ixty pounds of railroad iron to his body, and then jumped off the dock at New London, Con[illegible] He sank immediately and was drowned.

A FEW nights ago, a prosperous far[illegible]er in Thorndike, Me., lost three barns, a granar[illegible] fifty tons of hay, and a large amount of grain, [illegible] the upsetting of a kerosene lamp by an ox, [illegible] the floor of one of the barns.

THE natives of Alaski have hit [illegible]pon a method of getting drunk, unknown till [illegible]ow in civilized climes. They put flour and s[illegible]gar together, wet them, and they ferment, and a[illegible] intoxicating beer is the result.

TWO women fought a p[illegible] [illegible]ight. The [illegible]reme, and the ring, in Baltimore, one day last [illegible] is described as horrible in the e[illegible] the parties were not arrested.

A FEMALE teacher in a gramm[illegible]ar school at Concord, N. H., lately boxed the ea[illegible]s of a pupil—a little girl—so violently, with a book [illegible] that she is expected to die.

THE first day after the river [illegible]t Pittsburgh rose to navigable height, after the [illegible]eason of shallow water, five millions of bushel[illegible] of coal were shipped.

BOSTON'S fine young belles no [illegible]longer have their ears pierced for ear-rings, but [illegible]ear those articles of jewelry by a hook worn beh[illegible]nd the ear.

THE herring fishery for this [illegible]eason is reported as almost a total failure, th[illegible] being only about one-eighth of what it wa[illegible] last year.

THE captain of a schooner [illegible]lem, Mass., caught a halibut the other da[illegible]eighed three hundred and twenty-five [illegible]

A CITY PORTRAIT.

BY CALEB DUNN.

Up and down the icy street,
Up and down through all the day,
Wander two slow and weary feet,
Young and tender as buds of May;
Up and down past mansions high,
With pillars pointing toward the sky.

Whether the wind blow ever so chill,
Whether the blinding snow fall fast,
These little feet keep wandering still,
Till sore and overwearied, at last
They sometimes lie in some dark hall-way,
To await the dawn of another day.

Oft whenever the night is deep,
And the streets are still and drear,
These little feet on their journey keep,
For they seem to know no fear,
But ever, ever on they press,
Treading the hard path of distress.

A heroine true is Little May,
Her heart is as brave as brave can be,
As she walks her ever darksome way
Sadly, yet oh, so cheerfully;
For one she loves on the sick-bed lies—
One soon to dwell above the skies.

Many a time when she has told
Her piteous story, rude hands have thrust
Her cruelly out into the cold;
Still Little May e'er keeps her trust
In One who rules in heaven above,
And hourly prays for His care and love.

Heroes there are by sword and gun,
But search, aye, search the whole world round,
And ne'er will you see a braver one,
For a braver one cannot be found
Than this little child in sorrow's way—
This patient martyr, Little May.

A BONE of CONTENTION;

—OR—

The Waldemar Succession.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE HAMPTON MYSTERY," "THE BAILIFF'S SCHEME," "THE LADY OF KILDARE," "THE OLD LIFE'S SHADOWS," "A DARING GAME," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.

A GATHERING OF TEMPESTS.

It was the evening of the day of Moer's stolen marriage to Hilda Floyd, and soon after the return of the bridal party from Sydenham. The two ladies, having ascertained that Lord Waldemar was gone out for a drive in the Park, retired immediately to their own rooms, and were dressing for dinner. Darrel Moer was similarly engaged in his own room, attended as usual by his valet.

"Any news, Bing?" inquired Moer, as the man's skillful fingers waxed the pointed ends of the master's mustache, giving them a fierce upward curl. "I left you at home, you know, to keep an eye on matters here. Has the Hungarian Countess called here to-day? Has my uncle commented upon the absence of Miss Floyd?"

"Lord Waldemar arose about noon and had his chocolate in his room," said Bing. "Then he went to his library and worked steadily until four o'clock, and then he went to drive in the Park with Lady Thaxter and the Hungarian Countess. He has not yet come in. He has not asked for Miss Floyd to-day, but Mr. Poss gave him Mrs. Watchley's message that she had taken her young lady on an excursion to Sydenham. Mrs. Poss told me that his lordship did not say a word, only bowing. It did not appear whether he was pleased or displeased."

"He may have thought Mrs. Watchley an insufficient escort for his heiress," said Moer, examining critically the various shades in a box of scarfs. "If he thought so, he will reserve his opinion for the private hearing of Mrs. Watchley herself. The blue scarf, Bing, and my diamond pin. So no one whose visit could bode harm to me called to-day?"

Bing replied in the negative.

"And you have literally no news whatever to report?"

"Nothing has happened of consequence to-day," said the valet; "but there was something I meant to tell you this morning, only I had not time. You remember you had barely time to dress for breakfast, and that as soon as you had dressed after breakfast you went out. Something very mysterious happened in this house last night. I left your room, you know, sir, on the stroke of twelve. I went up stairs on my way to my room in the attic. When I was on the landing of the floor above this, I heard some one creeping along this hall in list slippers. I peeped over the railing cautiously, and saw that it was Lord Waldemar's business manager, Mr. Grimrod. He went into Miss Floyd's room and locked the door."

"The deuce! What was that for?"

"He was in there two hours, by the clock," said Bing. "I crept down and tried to listen at the door, but I could only catch here and there a word. Grimrod seemed to be scolding Miss Floyd."

"Impossible!"

"It is true, sir, and I am sure I heard Mrs. Watchley crying. I tried to catch what Grimrod said, but he always speaks too low to be heard through these deadened walls. All I [illegible] was that there is some secret between Grimrod and Miss Floyd."

"[illegible]'t have borrowed money of him," [illegible] meditatively. "She has all she [illegible]

[illegible] he has found out some secret of [illegible]ggested Bing. "She may have se[illegible]ng as she is. Why should the man[illegible] her room so secretly and stay there [illegible]ng? He had that to say to her which he [illegible]ld not say in the drawing-room."

"It is certainly very mysterious," said [illegible]r. "I'll know what the secret is, now I have got a suspicion of its existence. [illegible] my wife—"

Bing smiled.

"You've got three wives now, sir," he said.

Before Moer could reply, there came a timid knock at the door. Bing looked out into the hall. One of the house-maids, an especial friend of his, stood outside with a letter under her apron.

"It's for you," she exclaimed. "The postman just left it at the airey door, and I took it in, and made bold to bring it up to you."

"Thank you," said Bing, taking the missive from her hands and recognizing the superscription as being in the handwriting of his sister. "I'll remember you, Miss, for your kindness. When that policeman of yours calls to see you, I'll see that you have a clear field."

The maid simpered and scampered down the stairs.

Bing locked the door, returning to his master.

"A letter for you, sir, from the Cypresses," said the valet, tearing off the outer envelope and tossing it on the fire. "Miss Glint has given in, I take it."

The letter was that written by Miss Bing, announcing the death of Moer's mad wife. Darrel Moer hastened to peruse it. His amazement as he took in its meaning was beyond description.

"Doctor Parfitt told the truth, Bing," he muttered. "Carmine escaped from the Retreat lately, as he said. By some curious fatality, she went to the Cypresses. She died there last night."

Bing's astonishment was only less than that of his master.

"Died!" he exclaimed. "She is really dead?"

Moer nodded assent.

"Then your marriage to Miss Glint was no marriage at all," said Bing. "You've not the shadow of a claim upon her."

"Not the faintest shadow of a claim. She's as free as air from any bonds of marriage."

"And this marriage to-day to Miss Floyd is perfectly legal and valid."

"Perfectly. Fate has played into my hands. Miss Glint heard Carmine's story before she died, and knows the truth. Miss Glint will be powerless to harm me now, even if I free her. Your sister wants to know if she shall release her prisoner. I'll write to-morrow and tell her to do so."

"Your path is clear now, sir. You've no more troubles nor fears. No one can threaten you now," said Bing. "Sir Hugh Tregaron will not offer to molest you when Miss Glint returns to Lady Thaxter. Miss Glint's imprisonment will be kept a secret for Lord Waldemar's sake, if not for her own."

Moer started abruptly, growing suddenly white.

"Carmine is dead," he said. "Then who—who is this Hungarian Countess?"

Bing regarded his master blankly.

"I cannot guess," he acknowledged. "Have you not been mistaken in thinking you have seen her before?"

"No, no. Her eyes haunt me, those strange blue eyes! Where have I seen them before? I tell you, Bing, I have wronged that woman at some period, and in some way. I tell you she is my enemy. If she's not Carmine, my wife, who is she?"

"Aye, who is she?"

Moer dashed down the letter, and arose and paced the floor hurriedly.

"Who is she?" he cried, his agitation increasing. "Bing, I must know who she is. I'm afraid of her. I will see her again—question her—look at her sharply. I thought I had solved the mystery about her, but this mad woman who has died at the Cypresses is incontestably Carmine. I tell you, there's a deeper mystery than I dreamed about this young Hungarian Countess. What is the mystery? How have I incurred her enmity? Who is she?"

"She is too late to harm you, since you are legally married to Miss Floyd," said Bing sagely. "There is no use in borrowing trouble, Mr. Moer—"

"But I tell you," interrupted Moer, with a ghastly face, suddenly trembling, "I have a sudden dread of this foreign lady, all the deeper because I cannot think who she is, and because I know that she is my enemy. Still, as you say, I am legally married to Miss Floyd, and no one can invalidate the marriage. Lady Rothsmere cannot harm me, that I see."

"She is only a woman too."

"I would rather have a man for an enemy than a woman I had wronged. But I won't be childish. Read and burn the letter. I must go down to the drawing-room to meet my bride."

Moer struggled to compose himself. He resolutely set aside the mystery of Lady Rothsmere's acquaintance with his past, and her possible designs against himself, for future earnest consideration, and banished all traces of his anxiety and dread from his countenance. With a false smile and an uneasy heart he descended to the lower rooms.

He found Lord Waldemar, who had recently come in from his drive, in the drawing-room. His lordship stood before the fire, in conversation with Grimrod; but there was a certain abstraction in the Baron's stern and haughty face, and a far-off look in his eyes, that showed how little he heard or heeded his manager's enthusiastic description of the flower-show.

Moer had scarcely entered when Miss Floyd and Mrs. Watchley, both in full dinner dress, the former superbly attired in a delicate lavender silk, came rustling into the room.

Lord Waldemar's face grew cold and hard as he looked upon Hilda.

"I believe," he said sternly, "that I ordered Miss Floyd not to enter my presence until she was ready to make an ample apology for her unladylike behavior of last evening."

Hilda put her lace handerchief to her eyes, and swept forward toward the Baron, pausing before him in a suppliant attitude.

"I am come to make that apology now, dear grandpapa," she said. "I desire to apologize before all these who witnessed the scene of last evening. I am heartily ashamed of my foolish and wicked behavior, and I beg your lordship to forgive me. I will try to do better hereafter, and—and to model my character after that of my sainted grandmamma whom I never saw, but of whose gentleness I have heard so much."

This little speech had been carefully studied beforehand, and Hilda repeated it, with all the proper inflections, and with apparent feeling. The allusion to Lord Waldemar's dead wife was conceived by Hilda to be a master-stroke that would inevitably batter down any wall of dislike which the Baron might have raised against her. She expected to be taken to his arms, and to receive a shower of caresses.

But the Baron's proud, bronzed face did not change in its expression, nor did the look in his eyes soften nor grow tender. He simply held out his hand in token of forgiveness, and said:

"Your apology is sufficient. We will not allude again to the matter."

Hilda kissed his hand in a seeming fervor of gratitude, and managed to drop a tear upon it.

"Oh, grandpapa," she exclaimed, "I want to be a comfort to you—the staff of your old-age. I want to win your love. I want to be your very own child—"

The Baron drew away his hand.

"Don't overdo the thing, Hilda," he said coldly. "You know and I know that your nature has not changed since last night. I am apt to distrust violent expressions of affection from lips that have lately reviled me, and wished me dead. I desire for you only that you will comport yourself as a lady. I decline your proffered affection."

The girl retreated a few paces, her heart swelling with rage and bitterness. Yet she held on firmly to her mask of penitence and sorrow. Only Grimrod saw what a hard struggle she was making to retain her self-control, and to hold in her wicked temper, as a huntsman holds his baying hounds in leash.

"I am willing to study under the masters you were kind enough to select for me, grandpapa," she said, her voice quivering. "I cannot bear to go forth among strangers from the only friends I have in the world."

"We will see," said the Baron. "This discussion is unpleasant to me. Let it end here. If I make other arrangements for you, they will be communicated to you. For the present, since your teachers are engaged, you can remain here."

Dinner was announced, putting an end to the discussion.

The dinner hour was scarcely so pleasant as usual. Lord Waldemar was strangely silent and abstracted. Grimrod mentally decided that his lordship had some secret trouble or perplexity, and Moer came to the same conclusion. Mrs. Watchley was full of apocryphal anecdotes of the flower-show, describing in enthusiastic terms "black roses" that were not there, and describing minutely other hypothetical flowers which had their sole existence in her fertile imagination. She had not even looked at the flowers, as may be remembered.

"Hilda is so devoted to flowers," she said, still drawing upon her very lively imagination. "She calls them the 'stars of earth,' she is so full of poetry, dear child. Hilda is a wild and wayward little creature, Lord Waldemar, but she has one of those rare, poetical natures that endow the commonest things with beauty. Under the petulance is hidden the rich and glorious depth of a loving soul."

Lord Waldemar did not contradict the lady's assertion, but the peculiar curl of his lips did not encourage Mrs. Watchley to proceed with her praises of Hilda.

The ladies went up stairs when they had finished their dinner. The gentlemen lingered over their wine.

Presently, as the Baron continued silent, and Grimrod wished to speak privately to Hilda, the manager excused himself, and went up to the drawing-room. Uncle and nephew were left together.

Moer regarded his lordship furtively for some moments, and then said:

"Uncle Lancelot, it was not like you to be so hard upon a woman, a girl, I should say, as you were upon Hilda to-night. Her apology to you was most humble, and her sincerity was painfully evident."

"You think so?" said Lord Waldemar skeptically. "I read people better than you do, Darrel. The girl's an arrant hypocrite. She is frightened about boarding-school, and so forced herself to make that apology. But there was no sincerity in it. It was plainly apparent to me that she had a purpose in view."

"I think not, uncle. She seems wayward, but she must be good and true under all her faults. The Floyds are quick-tempered, irascible, warm-hearted, generous, never forgetting a kindness, rarely forgiving an injury."

"She has not the Floyd nature. What generosity is there in her? She is selfish, scheming, even wicked. I don't mind a downright hot temper if it's honest, and breaks out against wrong, but a temper like Hilda's is like that of some snarling, spoiled cur. My son had a noble, generous nature, bright and frank and sweet. He never disobeyed me but once in his life, and I can't understand how he was tempted to do so then. It was that Arlyn woman's wiles that led him from honor, truth and duty. How could my boy have left no imprint of himself upon his child? Is this girl all Arlyn? Darrel, I tell you that when I first saw her I disliked her. Had it not been for those marks upon her arm, that seemed to prove her identity beyond all cavil, I might have grown to doubt that she was my son's child. But the sight of them seemed to annihilate suspicion. I should never have doubted the girl's identity—never—only that to-day—"

He paused. Darrel Moer started.

"Do—do you doubt it now, my lord?" he whispered huskily.

"I don't know. Can Grimrod have been deceived? I would stake my life on his fidelity. He would not palm off upon me another in place of Wallace's child."

"Ah-h!"

"Are you ill, Darrel? You look strangely."

"It is nothing. Why should you doubt that—that Hilda is your grandchild?"

"I will tell you, Darrel. Do not speak of it even to Grimrod. I am anxious to have the opinion of some one on the subject, since I have not dared even to mention my suspicion to Tregaron. There has been a young lady visiting at Lady Thaxter's. She—the young lady—went back to Lancashire about three weeks ago. Her name was Honor Glint."

Darrel Moer drew his breath hard.

"The first time I saw the girl," continued his lordship, "I stared at her spell-bound. You have not seen her? She was young, about Hilda's age, fair and slender like some graceful lily, and she had the tenderest, loveliest face I ever saw. But her beauty in my eyes consisted in her pale gold hair, full of softest sunshine, kinked and waved, and in her black, velvety eyes, which met mine with a frank sweetness that took my old heart by storm. Darrel, she has my son's eyes—Wallace Floyd's eyes, and she has that rare combination of midnight eyes and golden hair which distinguishes the Floyds. Her very face was his, idealized, made tenderer, sweeter, lovelier, but still my son's."

"It was very strange," said Moer huskily.

"Strange! It was a most marvelous coincidence. And, Darrel, I felt my heart go out to that girl in a sort of yearning. I knew then that my heart was not all dead and cold. I could have taken her in my arms in my son's place, and loved her as I loved him."

"You would marry her, perhaps?"

Lord Waldemar regarded his nephew in displeased surprise.

"Sir Hugh Tregaron will marry her, I hope," he said. "He loves her. My love was that of a father, or grandfather, if you will. I've thought of her a hundred times since she went away. I have even dreamed of her. Last night I dreamed that Wallace came to me, leading this girl—this Honor Glint—by the hand, and entreating me to forgive him, and to receive this girl into my heart in his place. And to-day, Darrel, the young Hungarian Countess at Lady Thaxter's gave me a shock—quite unintentionally, I am sure, but nevertheless a most terrible shock."

"The—Hungarian—Countess?"

"Yes. We were driving in the park," said Lord Waldemar, his voice sinking, and his stern eyes softening, "and the bracelet of the Countess became unfastened. I bent to clasp it, and saw upon her delicate wrist a tiny mole. 'It is a birth-mark,' she said to me, and then added, laughing, 'but it is not a mark by which I might be identified. Moles are too common. Miss Glint could be easily identified if she should ever become involved in a contest like the Tichborne case. She has a birth-mark on her arm shaped like a dagger, clear, vivid, scarlet; and she has an irregular scar upon her wrist, the result of a knife wound inflicted by herself in infancy.' Imagine my consternation. Those marks precisely resemble those by which I identified Hilda!"

"The coincidence is startling," faltered Darrel Moer.

"The question now presents itself—is Honor the actual daughter of Captain Glint?"

Moer's brain fairly reeled. He remembered that Honor had told him that she was a waif whom Captain Glint had picked up in the arms of a fever-struck nurse, in the streets of Valetta. The possibility that she was the daughter of Wallace Floyd dawned for the first time upon him.

"And if she is not?" he muttered hoarsely.

"If she is not his child, I shall investigate her parentage. I shall believe, in that case, that her resemblance to my son is more than mere coincidence. I must know the cause of those marks upon her person. That two girls should be so similarly marked is startling. The evidence points to the one as my granddaughter, it is true. But the resemblance of the other to my son is still stronger evidence in her favor. I do not like Mrs. Watchley. There seems to be something secret and sinister about her. Can she have known of Wallace's child, and counterfeited the marks upon the arm of some protégée of her own, imposing the latter upon me as my granddaughter? I really think her capable of such a thing. But how could she have disposed of the real child? How could she have deceived Grimrod, who is usually so astute? I think that Grimrod's judgment is not so good of late. He has made one or two unprofitable investments for me, notwithstanding that I have forbidden him to put my money into foreign enterprises paying high rates of interest. I have had to tell him to confine himself to the usual three per cents, and not seek to multiply money too fast. He seems absorbed in ideas and affairs of his own that blunt his judgment in other regards. But I have every reliance upon his goodness and fidelity."

"He is not a man to be easily deceived," said Moer, trying to speak firmly. "The truth is, my lord, the resemblance of Miss Glint to Wallace Floyd is a mere coincidence, nothing more. The scars on Miss Glint's arm may be very unlike those upon Miss Floyd's. Mrs. Watchley is an honest lady, I dare affirm. Your suspicions, my lord, are the merest cobwebs—pardon my plain speaking. You have excited yourself without just cause."

"Perhaps so."

"May not this Hungarian Countess have been mistaken? By the way, I saw her the other day at Lady Thaxter's. She is an exquisitely beautiful woman, but somehow," said Moer, with seeming carelessness, "I had a fancy that I have seen her before."

"It must have been abroad then. She is Hungarian, or Austrian, I forget which. Lady Thaxter tells me that this is the first visit of the Countess to England. I never met a more brilliant woman, nor a truer lady," said Lord Waldemar, his bronzed face glowing. "She has the pure, fresh, loving heart of a child, the grace and *aplomb* of the finished woman of the world, the beauty of an angel, the brain of a statesman."

Moer scanned his uncle narrowly.

"She must be an extraordinary woman to elicit such praise from you, my lord," he said.

"She is. I was talking with Lord Carysfort at the House yesterday, and he spoke of her. He has just renewed his old acquaintance with her. She has been for years the star of the Austrian court. She married many years ago in her early youth the old Count Rothsmere. She is adored by his tall sons. She was a good wife to her husband, who fairly worshipped her, and during the last year of his life she was his constant nurse and attendant, remaining with him night and day, reading to him, singing to him, making perpetual sunshine in his sick chamber. He died in her arms, her name the last upon his lips. He was many years older than she, but she loved him."

"Perhaps she would marry again, if your lordship were to ask her," suggested Moer, with a sudden flash of reckless bitterness.

Lord Waldemar's face flushed hotly, and he arose, saying:

"She has never given me much encouragement. Next time she marries she will probably marry a young man."

Moer arose and passed up stairs with his uncle. Lord Waldemar put on his greatcoat in the hall, and went out. Moer went into the library and rung the bell. A servant appeared.

"Tell Mr. Grimrod, who is in the drawing-room, that I beg him to come to me," he commanded. "I must see him immediately."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A PAIR OF MURDEROUS VILLAINS.

Some minutes elapsed before Grimrod appeared in answer to the somewhat peremptory summons of Moer, who stirred the library fire, drew the curtains closer, turned up the gas-light, and moved restlessly about the room, stung by the thoughts that crowded upon him.

"My uncle is going to make a fool of himself, and offer marriage to this young German Countess," he said to himself. "Will she have him? Who is she? Ah, if I only knew! I'm afraid I've brought my goose to a pretty market, after all. Instead of duping, I have been duped."

He relieved his mind with the utterance of a volley of oaths. He was in the midst of them when Grimrod came in, cool, easy, and impassive as usual.

"The servant said you wished to see me," said the manager. "How strangely you look!"

Moer did look strangely. He was absolutely haggard, and there was a wild and reckless expression in his eyes that was seldom seen there. He laughed sneeringly.

"I have something to say to you," he exclaimed, "and I'll come to the point at once. Why did you visit Miss Floyd's room last night and remain there two hours?"

Grimrod looked innocently surprised.

"You are mistaken, sir," he said coolly. "I have never visited Miss Floyd's room."

"You need not deny it. I have a witness who saw you go in there and saw you come out two hours later, and who tried to listen—"

Now indeed Grimrod started.

"Well, what did he hear?" he asked.

"Nothing. What secret is this you and Hilda Floyd have in common?"

"Hilda Moer, now, sir. I have no secret in common with your wife, Mr. Moer. Your informant must have dreamed what he told you."

"Ah, yes, my wife! Curse the luck! She is my wife!"

"This is very strange language, Mr. Moer—"

"Is it?" cried Moer savagely. "Then make the most of it. You have duped me, you trickster and cheat. I never had the confidence in you that my uncle had. You are a scheming, double-dyed rascal!"

"Sir! What does this mean?"

"It means that my uncle suspects that Mrs. Watchley has imposed upon him a girl who is not his granddaughter. The girl's insolence, selfishness, and deceitfulness, he fancies are qualities foreign to his blood. He's sick of Hilda—and so am I. He thinks you—his faithful, affectionate Grimrod, ha, ha!—have been imposed upon by this cunning Watchley. He doesn't blame you—his devoted manager—for having been taken in, but he's bound to hunt up an heiress more to his taste. I tried to allay his suspicions. I don't know if I succeeded; and praised your honesty and fidelity. Bah! Now you have got to own up the truth to me," and Moer's eyes glowed redly. "Is this girl whom you have foisted upon Lord Waldemar your own daughter?"

The fierce attack of Moer fairly overwhelmed the astute villain. His Mephistophelean face showed a ghastly whiteness. He returned Moer's burning, restless glances with a steady and appalling gaze.

"Speak out!" cried Moer fiercely. "I'm the girl's husband—tied to her because of your villainy. I held fortune in my very grasp, and I flung it from me to grasp this wretched, hollow phantom. You would better make friends with me. We can work together, but if you try to keep me in the dark you'll rue it. Again I ask—and I warn you I mean to be answered—is this Hilda your daughter?"

By this time Grimrod had begun to recover the impassive coolness that had distinguished him all his life. He answered simply:

"Yes; the girl is my daughter."

Despite the fact that he had expected an affirmative answer, Moer was shocked by it.

"Your daughter—*yours!* The devil!" he cried hoarsely. "And it is this for which I have sold myself—this for which I have schemed and toiled—this for which I flung away the fairest fortune man ever held in his grasp—this for which I have perjured myself, and lied, and endangered my liberty—THIS! Great God!"

He fairly foamed in his wild fury.

Grimrod watched him in a wary silence.

"I wanted to marry title, wealth," cried Moer, with a hoarse laugh; "I wanted beauty, elegance, brains, sweetness. And, O Heaven! I had them all! And for what did I fling them away? To become the son-in-law of my uncle's business manager! I wonder I don't go mad!"

He beat his forehead fiercely with his clenched hand. His fury was appalling. In all his experience of men, Grimrod had never seen any similar blazing passion.

"Come, come," said Grimrod, after a little. "It's not so bad, after all. Hilda's the same girl you married. No one will ever know she is not Lord Waldemar's granddaughter—no one but you and I, Hilda and Mrs. Watchley."

"Who is Mrs. Watchley?"

"Hilda's aunt. The sister of my late wife."

"Another relative. Ha, ha! And how did you and my aunt-in-law contrive this most monstrous imposition?"

Grimrod explained how, after his wife's death, the letters came to Squire Floyd from his son's wife, announcing the existence of the baby Hilda, and describing the scars upon the little person of the heiress. He said that when the later letter came announcing Mrs. Floyd's death, he had conceived the idea of putting his own motherless child into the place of the real heiress. He explained at full length how he had schemed and planned and watched, how fortune had favored him in keeping away the real Hilda, and how he had at last placed his daughter in the home of the Floyds, as the next in the Waldemar succession.

"This barony of Waldemar, with all the wealth attached to it," concluded Grimrod, "has been a bone of contention, as Squire Floyd's estate was. You wanted both, and I believe it was to your treachery in some way that Wallace Floyd's marriage was due. You have fought for the barony for yourself. I have fought for it for my daughter. We have both won. Let us make the most of our victory, and be friends."

Moer replied by a burst of frenzied ravings.

"This isn't going to help you," said Grimrod quietly. "You are married to Hilda, and you will be wise to make the most of her. You can assist in making her position secure. She will cajole Lord Waldemar into an affection for her, now that she knows the truth. The Baron will soon forget his suspicions. The real heiress is dead probably—"

"She is not. I know her. I loved her. I love her still," raved Moer, in a renewed paroxysm of frenzy, as the full force of what he had lost burst upon him. "She is as beautiful, as fair, as sweet, as lovely, as your daughter is hideous to me. I have been a fool. If I had been true to her, I should have been at this moment the husband of the real heiress. I could shoot myself for my mad folly."

"What! You have known the real heiress? No, no!"

"But I say Yes. I have been married to her—"

Grimrod sprang back.

"Then all is lost!" cried the manager hollowly. "This marriage to Hilda was but a mockery, and you are married to the real heiress! If this is true— But I cannot, will not believe it."

"It was that marriage, the one to the real heiress, that was a mockery," groaned Moer. "It is null and void. I am the husband of your charming daughter fast enough. I have thrown away the diamond; I hold the paste carefully in my hands. When I think of what might have been and what is, I could shoot myself—and you too, you villain!"

Worn out by his maddening conflict of emotions, Moer sank down upon a couch and covered his face with his hands.

"Where is this real heiress?" asked the manager softly.

Moer replied only by a hysterical laugh.

"She must be hidden away from all possibility of an encounter with Lord Waldemar," said Grimrod.

"Yes, for he has seen her, and he suspects her identity. She resembles his son. He will search for her. She ought to be shipped a long voyage."

"To a port whence there is no return," said the manager significantly. "If you refuse to stand by me, and go back to this beautiful girl who so surpasses Hilda in your estimation, I'll announce your marriage to Hilda in every morning newspaper, and will tell Lord Waldemar myself. There is no escape for you from this marriage."

"I know it," said Moer, with the dull languor of hopelessness and exhaustion. "I must abide by the bit of paste I have preferred to the diamond!"

His soul was swept with the waves of a deep despair. The iron of retribution was eating its way into his spirit. The keen misery of this hour might atone for years of wickedness, one would think.

"You realize that if Lord Waldemar has seen the true Hilda, and suspects that she is his granddaughter, that you are not safe while she lives, do you not?" asked the manager. "He may see her at any time. If he should claim her in Hilda's place, he would kick us all out. I have lost my fortune, and you are poor. What would become of us?"

"It is even worse than you think. Detectives have been searching for the girl for weeks. If they should happen to find her, it's all over with us forever."

"Moer, that girl must die!"

"Yes," said Moer, "she must die!"

"Where is she?"

"I cannot tell you. She is in safe hands. I will attend to—to disposing of her. It is best that you should not see her. She shall die; rest assured of that."

"You do not mean to play me false? Remember that your marriage with her now is worth nothing. Remember you are in my power."

"I remember. Gods! Do you think I can forget it?"

"And you will kill her?"

Moer turned his Italian eyes full upon Grimrod. There was a glare of murder in them. The manager was satisfied.

"I see you mean business," he said.

Moer laughed hoarsely.

"I am in the toils of one keener than I," he said. "All I can do is to make the best of a bad bargain. I've brought my wares to a poor market, but I must accept the pay I bargained for. I loved this other girl—she thought herself my wife. I could have been proud of her. One would think this retribution. Tregaron loves her too, and wants to marry her."

"What! Is she Miss Glint, who visited Lady Thaxter? And whom my lord admired so fervently?"

"Yes, that Honor Glint is the real Hilda Floyd. She has disappeared, and Sir Hugh Tregaron is turning every stone in Britain to find her. Her whereabouts may be discovered any day. She would be brought to London, her story would be told, and Lord Waldemar would recognize her as his granddaughter. I begin to see that I stand upon a slippery place. I have cast my lot in with you, and must work with you."

"Where did Miss Glint come from? What is her history?"

"Captain Glint found her in the arms of her nurse in the streets of Valetta. The nurse was stricken with fever, and was left at Marseilles. Captain Glint brought the girl up a lady, and as his daughter. If I had known more about the history of the heiress, I must have suspected Honor's identity with Hilda Floyd. She bears a wonderful resemblance to Wallace."

"Her existence is dangerous to us. She is at the Cypresses—"

"How do you know?"

"I suspected it, because it is you who have hidden her away, and because you have no other place in which to conceal her. Let Sir Hugh Tregaron mention one word about you to Lord Waldemar in connection with this girl's disappearance, and the Baron will tell him to search the Cypresses. You are foolhardy. The girl must be got rid of—to-night."

"To-night. I shall start for Huntingdonshire by the first train. To-night!"

The murderous glare came back to Darrel Moer's eyes, and Grimrod smiled with satisfaction as he read his companion's fell purpose. He knew that Moer's soul was strung to the terrible deed which he commanded.

They lingered a little longer, and then Moer went up to his room, and held conference with Bing. Within the hour he left the house, proceeded to the station, and started on his journey into Huntingdonshire, the dread and awful purpose deepening with every moment into implacability and determination.

Unknown to him, and inflamed with the same horrible design, Grimrod was upon the same train.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN THE BAG.

A few days since I met my old friend—a friend of former years—Nat. Moses. Five and thirty years ago Nat. was accounted the strongest man in Middlesex county, and meeting him now recalled to mind an achievement of his which was much enjoyed at the time of its occurrence. Nat. lived in Malden, and was one day on his way to Charlestown on foot. Just before reaching the bridge that spanned Mystic River he met a wayfaring man, forlorn and dejected, with traces of tears upon his cheeks, of whom, in a sympathetic manner, he inquired the cause of his sorrow. The man of grief replied that he desired very much to go to Charlestown, but that he had not a penny of money, and that the toll-man would not let him pass the bridge gate. Nat. satisfied himself that the man was unfortunate, and instead of giving him the money wherewith to pay his toll he concluded to play a game upon the gate-keeper.

Moses was a mason by trade, and being on his way to the tannery on the Neck for a lot of hair for mortar, he chanced to have a large canvas bag with him in which he had proposed to have his purchase packed for transportation. Advancing to the toll-gate, he hailed the keeper,—

"Say, Breed, suppose I get my bag filled, and carry it on my shoulder, you won't charge me anything extra for foot passage, eh?"

"Certainly not," replied Breed.

"All right," said Nat. And turning back, he spread and opened his bag, and bade the man of grief to get in. The wayfarer saw the point, and obeyed. Breed also saw the point, and withdrew into his toll-house while the strong man passed through with his loaded bag; and for once, at least, he was forced to confess that he had been openly defrauded of a toll beyond the hope of redress. C.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1872.

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The Heartlessness of Gambling—Caution to Young Ladies.

On the evening of the 3d of November, in a public saloon, at the corner of Twenty-eighth street and Broadway, in this city, an auctioneer was engaged in selling pools, as it is called, on the election: that is, a peculiar and somewhat complicated mode of betting on candidates, which we ourselves do not understand, although we know that it is simply a modern way of laying wagers.

The crowd of attendants was large, and the bidding was spirited, when all of a sudden a pistol shot was heard, and a man lay stretched and dying on the floor, the blood oozing from the fatal wound in the side of his head.

The man had been deliberately murdered; his assassin had fled down the street, and the police-officers were in swift pursuit.

But not only had a human life been thus terminated, betting had been interrupted, and that, it seemed, at all events, must go on, even though in the immediate presence of Death.

When we read of such occurrences, it does not seem as if they belonged to the present. We fancy ourselves carried back to the time of the French Revolution, when Infidelity reigned, and the idea of sanctity was detached from human life.

Those who have made the most observation of gambling say that even more than other vices it corrodes the heart, and destroys all the better instincts of human nature.

We have heard of a man gambling in the house with the corpse of his deceased wife, and this account of the pool selling makes it look as if such a shocking thing might have happened.

To young women who are about to decide upon offers of marriage, we say with great emphasis, *Never accept a man who gambles, for your partner in life.* Whatever qualities he may possess to recommend him, he will not make you a good husband.

The fortune of a gambler—no matter how large it may be sometimes—is always precarious. He is constantly exposed to be reduced to great straits, which seldom fail to render a man moody, irritable and sour. The irresistible tendency of the vice is to make its possessor more and more hardened, until he becomes callous to all good influences.

The habit of gambling is much more common than is generally supposed, and is the real, secret and unknown cause of the mysterious fall and suicide of many a young man.

It is often difficult for a young lady to discover the addiction of a suitor to this ruinous habit; and it has been, in too many instances, the unhappy fate of a doting bride, after a few months' dream of connubial bliss, to be abruptly awakened to the terrible reality that she has become the wife of a confirmed gambler.

It is not so patent and easily seen as other vices. It does not discover itself like the cup, nor does it wound the ear like profanity. It does not render the step unsteady, like wine, even when indulged in to the greatest excess; nor does it betray itself by the breath even in the kiss of love. It is apt, however, to be made apparent to a keen observation by an open fondness of gaming of some of the kinds which are regarded as the least objectionable.

The habit once confirmed, is seldom, if ever, permanently abandoned. The intensity of the excitement which it affords renders ordinary kinds of business dull and tedious. No matter how plainly the gambler may perceive that the road on which he has entered leads straight to destruction, he who once yields to the fascination loses, henceforth and for ever, the power of resistance.

◆

Base Ball—Be Done with Gambling.

The gamblers' pool-box is evidently ruining the noble game of base ball, as any one who goes occasionally to see a game of ball can easily perceive. Two or three years ago, six or eight thousand people usually attended a championship game, but since the pool-box has been introduced one will not see more than a few hundred present, and they consist chiefly of gamblers. The square, honest players should see to this matter, and next season have the pool-box removed from the ball ground. If they do, they will find that the game will again rise to its old standard. All the best young men in the country who are in the habit of playing the game, or even of observing it, are interested in seeing this done. Let gambling be abolished in all sports.

◆

Men Affected as well as Animals.

President THIERS of France has been afflicted with a bad cold and sore throat, which he attributes to the state of the weather.

He is undoubtedly right in thinking the weather the cause of his malady. It is agreed on all hands that the distemper among horses is occasioned by the weather; and a good many people are affected much as the horses are; but precisely what it is in the weather—what the peculiarity is—which produces these effects, is an unsolved problem.

Lovers' Quarrels—Proposed Flag of Truce.

Lovers quarrel. That is the rule. If there are lovers who do not quarrel, they constitute the happy exception.

Why should lovers' quarrel? There is no better answer to that question than by asking another: Why are people made as they are?

Some lovers keep up a sort of constant running fire upon each other—never intended to kill, or to wound very deeply; but only to annoy and tantalize, as if for the very purpose of testing their love by ascertaining mutually how much they will bear from each other, without breaking off forever.

Breaking off forever! Ah, that is the fatal ending of many a lovers' quarrel! It may arise from the most trifling of causes. There may not have been any intention, or even willingness to offend on either side. Yet the breach once opened is never healed. Many such cases come under our observation; and although, as WASHINGTON IRVING held, it may be that men seldom die of a broken heart, still their whole lives are often rendered less happy, and the years which it requires to work the healing, are they not unspeakably miserable?

Well, very likely the reader argues, if lovers always quarrel, and always have quarrelled, why, then it seems to be inevitable, and there is nothing left but to submit to the irreversible decree.

There is something in that, too. Lovers' quarrels will never be wholly prevented. At the same time they may be diminished, and their evil effects lessened.

They may be rendered fewer, if anticipated and guarded against. Do not believe that your love renders it impossible for you to quarrel, and you will not be as likely to quarrel. You will be less extravagant in your exactions, and more tolerant and patient toward each other's shortcomings.

Bear ever in mind how easily differences arise, and how difficult it is to end them; this will make you think twice before you give or take offence.

If misunderstandings occur, examine your own heart and your own conduct with stern impartiality, to ascertain whether you are to blame; and if you are, let no false pride prevent the prompt and full acknowledgment of your error.

When armies are contending with each other, under a flag of truce negotiations may be opened for a settlement and peace.

We think it would be well for some kind of a flag of truce to be established by which negotiations might be opened more readily than they are now between disaffected lovers. Let it in some way be indicated that reconciliation and peace would be preferable to war.

◆

The Horse Distemper—The Same Thing Prevailed One Hundred and Twenty-Two Years Ago.

The horse distemper has been next to universal in this city. In many other cities and towns it has been equally common—taking down and incapacitating for labor nearly all the horses, and carrying off some, though comparatively few.

Most people believe—and we have heard many observe—that this peculiar disease of horses is something entirely new and unprecedented.

But they are mistaken. Perhaps the time has long gone by when there was anything new; certainly this horse disease is not. It prevailed very extensively *one hundred and twenty-two years ago*, and seems to have been just the same thing then as it is now.

Then, as now, it followed a remarkably hot summer; that is to say, unusually hot for the locality where the distemper raged.

That our last summer was extraordinarily hot is established by carefully kept public records, which show it to have been the hottest for over one hundred years.

Then, as now, it occurred after the hot weather was over—though at a period a little later in Great Britain than here, corresponding with the difference of climate.

Then, as now, it was "the most epidemic and universally spreading disease among horses that any one living remembered."

Then, as now, it was "nearly analogous to the influenza and catarrhal fever" among mankind.

Then, as now, "it seized the animals like a violent cold, with heaviness, loss of appetite, cough and laborious breathing, and then a profuse running at the nose and mouth of a digested or thick yellow, greenish matter."

All of these points, corresponding precisely with the disease as it now manifests itself, are laid down in a treatise on "Animal Plagues; their History, Nature, and Prevention," by GEORGE FLEMING, F. R. G. S., etc.—a standard authority.

The following is Mr. FLEMING's description of the disease, as it manifested itself in Ireland:

> A. D. 1750.—In Ireland the spring was dry and backward. Summer, except a few excessively hot days, cold, moist, and winter-like; but some days in June were the "hottest in the memory of man." The same was recorded of July, when Fahrenheit's thermometer, as on the former occasion, rose to seventy-six degrees. A memorable fall of snow occurred on the 23d of October. November cold. "About the middle or latter end of December, the most epidemic and universally spreading disease among horses that any one living remembered, made its appearance in Dublin, which seems to have been nearly analogous to the influenza and catarrhal fever which seized mankind in the years 1737 and 1743, but now particularly attacked the horses in their turn, as may appear by a comparison of their respective histories. In appeared in England in November, and spread through all England almost in an instant, and toward the end of the month began to abate. It raged in Denmark at the same time, but it did not reach our horses in Dublin till its decline in England at the time before-mentioned, having probably been imported, and was nearly of the same duration here as in England; however, it affected the horses in Munster and Ulster almost, if not quite, as soon as in Dublin, and there was scarcely an instance of a horse, in town or country but had it." It seized the animals "like a violent cold, with heaviness, loss of appetite, cough, and laborious breathing, and then a profuse running at the nose and mouth of a digested or thick yellow, greenish matter, upon which they grew better. In England, as well as here, it did not prove very mortal, though some died of it. The death of our horses in the city was imputed rather to the use of medicines and too high a diet, than to any malignity in the disease; for it was observable that very few died in the country, and particularly none that were kept at grass. It vanished about the middle of January, 1751."

If in this country the disease shall vanish as soon after its appearance as it did, according to the above account, one hundred and twenty-two years ago, in Ireland, all owners of horses—to say nothing of those who, directly or indirectly, are benefited by them, which includes everybody—will shortly have occasion to rejoice.

◆

Appropriately Named.

A woman named *Butcher* has been found guilty of starving to death a little boy, six years old.

CHANCE.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

There is much said against *games of chance*; and it may be worth while for your readers to have some guiding principle in judging about such matters. Those who say that there is nothing wrong in the use of chances, in a proper manner, refer to the fact that, in the Jewish church, the LOT was not only used, but that it was substantially a part of the unwritten constitution of the nation. The fact is substantially true, and equally true of almost all ancient nations.

The land of Palestine was divided among the tribes by lot; after the captivity, Jerusalem was repopulated from the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, selected by lot; the spoil of battle or captured cities was divided by lot; men were selected for battle by lot; the distribution of priestly service in the temple among the sixteen of the family of Eleazar and the eight of Ithamar, was by lot. Matthias was chosen by lot by the apostles to fill the place made vacant by the apostasy of Judas. The lot was used for the detection of culprits, as in the case of Jonathan, and the still more striking case of Achan.

The lot, for the decision of doubtful or obscure cases, runs back to a period when men had not learned the art of investigation, long before there was an art or science of evidence; before judicial tribunals had learned calmly to sift matters and determine the truth; when affairs were likely to be determined by the hot passions of men.

Imperfect as the lot must have been, as a judicial test, it was certainly a great advance over the precipitate action inspired by passion, since it took matters out of the hands of men, and referred them to the arbitration of a higher power.

That the Jews believed that a Divine Providence made use of the lot, in the affairs of men, is clear from Proverbs 16:33: *The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord.*

It is very plain, then, that the lot was employed in an early and rude state of society, before men had learned the right use of their faculties, in the determination of serious questions, and that it carried with it a sense of the Divine Presence. It was, indeed, a solemn appeal to God to determine justice and right, as trial by arms in the middle ages was, and as the oath is in modern times; and there can be no sort of justification drawn from it for the use of the lot in a light and trivial way, or as an instrument of amusement, any more than one could justify profane swearing by alleging that men were sworn in civil courts.

To the ancients, the lot, the casting of dice, and various other expedients, were not supposed to involve *chance*. To them it was an appeal to certain knowledge.

Whatever may be believed in respect to the lot, as a civil and religious custom, no one pretends that it now has any validity. Drawing cuts, casting lots, throwing dice, and the multitude of other expedients, are, and are regarded as mere appeals to chance. And the question is, whether it is right to employ such methods.

1. In all cases where the use of chance is likely to stir up evil feeling, to pervert the conscience, to induce an element of dishonesty, it is not right to use it. The use of chance as an element of gambling, no matter how minute the sum, is mischievous.

2. In things indifferent, where an appeal to chance is a mere convenience, and where experience shows that no harm, but much good follows, there is no reason why chance should not be employed. Seats may be apportioned by lot, as fairer than any other mode of distribution.

3. Amusements may be sought based upon the element of chance. There are scores of games which turn on chance which neither excite evil feelings nor blur the moral sense, nor produce any moral injury whatever, and which do, on the other hand, produce innocent hilarity, kindly social relations, and help to redeem social gatherings from moping stiffness or coarse indulgence.

Games of skill and games of chance both stand upon the same ground. They are modes of producing innocent pleasure, in hours appropriate to relaxation and amusement.

If in their practical workings they are found to produce evil, they are to be set aside; not because they are wrong in principle, but simply because, under certain circumstances, they are found to be mischievous, just as bread and meat are sometimes forbidden, not because they are unwholesome, but because, in certain conditions of the human system, wholesome things are unwholesome.

Because gamblers employ the element of chance for evil, we must not forbid other persons from employing it for good. All gambling may turn upon *chance*, but all *chance* does not involve gambling. There is no such thing as innocent gambling. There is a good deal of chance that is not only innocent, but beneficial.

◆

Love in Prison—A Clouded Romance.

The papers had a good deal to say, a short time ago, about the romance of a love affair which occurred in the Poughkeepsie jail.

Two persons were confined there: one a young man—a German, charged with larceny; the other an Irish girl, accused of murder.

They could not well understand each other in words; but the universal language of love, expressed by the eyes and by the thousand indications by which it makes itself understood, soon made them devoted friends. They loved at first sight, and in a little time became engaged.

The man wrote home to his family, and they sent him four hundred dollars in money. He lavished this in presents upon his intended bride.

But when they sent for a clergyman to perform the marriage ceremony, they learned, to their bitter disappointment, that they could not get any one to do it.

The man was convicted, and sent to the State prison for four years. The girl, although acquitted on the charge of murder, was found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to be imprisoned two years.

And this is a love affair in brief, with whatever of romance it possesses. Perhaps it does shine with something of divine lustre, in contrast with the coarse and common routine of prison life.

But how is its light dimmed, and its beauty blurred, and all its joy darkened, by its criminal surroundings!

How different is the unimbittered happiness of two hearts unstained by guilt—free to enjoy the whole world, and all that life affords—mingling into one, and uniting destinies unclouded by the prospect of imprisonment and shame! Innocence is more romantic than crime.

◆

Suiting Both Sides—Twice Married.

Lord CHEERSTON and the Hon. BARBARA YELVERTON were united in the bonds of matrimony a few weeks since, and in order to comply with the different religious views they were married twice, the same day; first at Loudoun Castle, where the bride was staying, according to the rite of the Presbyterian Church, and subsequently at Kilmarnock, according to the forms of the Church of England.

If marrying couples twice would make them any more firmly united, and diminish the number of divorces, it might be well to introduce the custom.

SUGGESTIONS ON ARITHMETIC.

[*Composition written by Fanny Fern when she was seventeen, at Miss Catherine Beecher's school, Hartford, Conn. Saved by a fellow-pupil, and sent to Fanny Fern in 1872, at Newport.*]

The truth of the matter is, that I have been a persecuted girl ever since my tormentors, in the shape of an uncle and aunt visiting our family, put it into the head of my indulgent parents that their daughter would certainly become a sickly sentimentalist. Something must be speedily done to curb her imagination, demolish her airy castles, in short, to convert her into a plain, sober, matter-of-fact damsel, without a thought beyond her Murray's Grammar, or Daboll's Arithmetic. All this was wound up with the suggestion, that it would be wise to send me to school without further delay; fearing, doubtless, I should have recourse to tears, my usual weapon, which had hitherto been all-powerful in gaining my point.

In pursuance of this sage determination, one pleasant morning in May found me, *nolens volens*, on my way to the H. F. S., the principal of which had received orders from my kind relations not to be sparing of anything in the shape of mathematics.

Accordingly, after I had become somewhat domesticated, a dose of arithmetic was administered, the repetition of which, with a proper mixture of angles, triangles, and parallelograms, was expected eventually to effect my cure. I rejected the potion at first with a plain "I won't," but finding this phrase not at all used in this part of the country, I softened it into "I can't." Being no better comprehended than before, as I judged from its producing no effect, I had recourse to tears, and finally succeeded so far as to weep myself into a far more submissive frame of mind.

In process of time, I became perfectly passive in the hands of my tormentors. Every morning and evening found me busily conning a new arithmetic which had been manufactured since my arrival, as I firmly believed, with the benevolent intention of making an end of me. At least it was the beginning of a fresh series of persecutions.

If at any time, when wearied with exertion, I requested to have a fraction of my lesson subtracted from the principal, "Remember that examination is coming," was thundered in my ears, and, "How could I forget?" I at last became so deeply imbued with the spirit of arithmetic that even my language took a coloring from it. When seated at table to assist in the distribution of tea and coffee, I arranged all the cups and saucers as I would a sum in addition, "placing units of the same order in the same column," ditto with the plates, and by the means of the knives and forks drawing a line as the rule orders. When requested to pass them, I always "began at the right," as the law directs.

I cannot even now without trembling remember how my unfortunate habit of abstraction multiplied the fractions of cups, saucers, plates, and all the crockery paraphernalia.

Every incident, every object of sight, seemed to produce an arithmetical result. I once saw a poor wretch evidently intoxicated: thought I, that man has overcome three scruples, to say the least, for three scruples make one dram. Even the Sabbath was no day of rest for me—the psalms, prayers and sermons were all translated by me into the language of arithmetic. A good man spoke very feelingly upon the manner in which our cares and perplexities were multiplied by riches. Muttered I, "That, sir, depends upon whether the multiplier is a fraction or a whole number; for if it be a fraction, it makes the product less." And when another, lamenting the various divisions of the church, pathetically exclaimed, "And how shall we unite these several denominations in one?" "Why, reduce them to a common denominator," exclaimed I half aloud, wondering at his ignorance.

At length my overseers took it into their heads that I was growing pale and thin from too close application. Accordingly I was dragged perforce into what they styled *a levée*. I had no sooner taken my seat than a certain square-toed gentleman of my acquaintance came up to welcome me. It was a rule in our seminary that when we were performing mental sums we should state them aloud; and it had become so much of a habit with me that I said, in reply to some commonplace remark uttered by him:

"One hundred and forty-four square inches make one square foot, and as you have two of them, they must contain twice as much, or two hundred and eighty-eight square inches."

This specimen of my arithmetical powers having completely overwhelmed *him*, he gave place to a gentleman of huge elevation. This Goliath undertook to pass the compliment of the evening in the most appropriate style, which I answered by my table of long measure. Surveying his height, I muttered:

"Five and a half yards make one rod, pole or perch; or by the law of proportion—of which by the way this creature was entirely destitute—this Behemoth is to the roof as I am to him."

The remainder of the evening was spent in much the same manner; the question, "Have you formed a favorable opinion of Hartford?" having been answered, as well as the rest of the levée catechism, in monosyllables. But come we to the most important part of our story. The dreaded examination day at length arrived. I rose in the morning to make my toilet, when, to my great consternation, my hair, instead of forming itself as usual into flaxen circles, very deliberately erected itself into triangles, angles, and parallelograms all over my head. I set myself to work very philosophically to account for this fact, and discovered that I had curled it with a leaf of my geometry. What could not be cured must be endured, and groaning in spirit that my outward man must needs be sacrificed, I hastened my preparations, and started for school.

Passing on, and having arranged my tables and rules on the right shelves in my pericranium, I placed a separatrix between them and all things of a foreign nature, and plodded along, reckoning, as I went, the rods, inches, and barleycorns over which I was passing, when my meditations were somewhat interrupted by the salutation of a young gentleman whose company, before the days of Euclid and Daboll, was not very disagreeable to me, and whom report had long since tied to my apron strings. However, I then noticed him no more than I would one of my schoolmates, though the tones of his voice, as I now recall them, were rather tremulous. Of his many speeches, one in which he protested his warm interest, brought only one word that chimed with my train of thought.

"Interest," exclaimed I, starting from my reverie. "What per cent., sir?"

"Ma'am!" exclaimed my attendant, in the greatest possible amazement. "How much per cent., sir?" said I, repeating my question. His reply was lost on my ear, save, "Madam, at any rate do not trifle with my feelings." "At any rate, did you say? Then take six per cent.; that is the easiest to calculate."

Suddenly I found myself deserted. Why or wherefore, I was too busy to conjecture. I reached school without further adventure, and took my seat in the class to recite; but just as the question was put to me, and while a thousand eyes were levelled at me from all parts of Study Hall, expecting my reply, the whole drift of my friend's conversation at once flashed upon my mind. Amazement seized me, and, covered with confusion, never a syllable could I, for the life of me, utter.

From that day to this I have never opened an arithmetic. At the mere mention of it I am instantly seized with convulsive shudderings, and cannot glance upon anything relating to it without passing my heaviest maledictions on the whole race, from Pike, Daboll and Colburn to our improved patent Brainrack.

Summer of 1829.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

A RABBINICAL TALE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Good Rabbi Nathan had rejoiced to spend
A social se'nnight with his ancient friend,
The Rabbi Isaac. In devout accord
They read the Sacred Books, and praised the Lord
For all His mercies unto them and theirs;
Until, one day, remembering some affairs
That asked his instant presence, Nathan said,
"Too long, my friend, (so close my soul is wed
To thy soul,) has the silent lapse of days
Kept me thy guest; although with prayer and praise
The hours were fragrant. Now the time has come
When, all-reluctant, I must hasten home
To other duties than the dear delights
To which thy gracious friendship still invites."
"Well, be it so, if so it needs must be,"
The host made answer; "be it far from me
To hinder thee in aught that Duty lays
Upon thy pious conscience. Go thy ways;
And take my blessing!—but, O friend of mine,
In His name whom thou servest, give me thine!"
"Already," Nathan answered, "had I sought
Some fitting words to bless thee; and I thought
About the palm-tree, giving fruit and shade;
And in my grateful heart, O friend, I prayed
That Heaven be pleased to make thee even so!
O idle benediction!—Well do I know
Thou lackest nothing of all perfect fruit
Of generous souls; or pious deeds that suit
With pious prayers. Well I know thine alms
Of hospitable shade exceed the palm's;
And, for rich fruitage, can that noble tree,
With all her opulence, compare with thee?
Since, then, O friend, I cannot wish thee more,
In thine own person, than thy present store
Of Heaven's best bounty, I will even pray
That—as the palm-tree, though it pass away,
By others, of its seed, is still replaced—
So thine own stock may evermore be graced
With happy sons and daughters, who shall be,
In wisdom, strength and goodness, like to thee!"

◆

TROUBLESOME BABIES.

Dinah is hard at work at her washing. Sam is digging in the garden. Over there, at the window, sits somebody sewing silk flounces for dear life. I am writing. From the sounds, I suppose that Madame Screecholini of the Italian Opera is practising all her part of Il Traviata straight through. Everybody within sight is busy, but the busiest of all is a midge of a mortal next door. He is about a year and a half old, and he can just balance himself on his fat little feet; but for an hour he has been toiling furiously with a little four-wheeled cart and a spoon, and his work has been the covering up of the newly planted geraniums with little mounds of earth. It is wonderful how well he succeeded. And now he has left the task completed, and is carrying the African lily away in small pieces. He tugs and pulls, chipping off bits of the green leaves, until he has what he considers a cart load, wheels it away and dumps it on the piazza, and comes back for more. He is almost out of breath. His legs are tired, and his hands must be cut and blistered, but unless some one comes to the rescue, he is quite unlikely to stop very soon. I presume that a stout woodman would find the peeling of a great forest-tree no harder task than the demolishment of that lily is to baby, but he could be no more in earnest about it.

Dinah stops to rest now and then; Sam sits down to have a smoke; the seamstress leans out of the window to chat with some one in the garden: but baby takes no rest in his work of mischief, which he evidently thinks a very necessary and praiseworthy deed. And I wonder, as I look at him, whether some older mortals may not be working just as hard, at just such sort of work as baby's. He has his new ideas too, though he cannot make speeches about them, and though after a while some one will wash his dear little hands clean, and dress him in a new white frock. But as for those big, bad babies who go about heaping dirt upon Nature's sweetness, and tearing up beautiful things that have flourished since earth's spring, can any wash their hands clean, or whiten their robes anew? When they trample on the marriage laws, and heap the dirt of free love upon them; when they ruthlessly pluck at the sweet hopes that point heavenward, and strive to spoil life's garden, what can be done for them? They cannot spoil it. Wise heads and steadfast hearts can undo the mischief, just as the good mother will undo baby's. But how hard the work at their folly!

When baby is carried in with kisses ar soft scolding, he will scream. So they screa at those who cling to old truths and beauti and, mocking that which they call supers tion, think themselves wise and great, a boast of their mischievous work. All we do is to hope that the time will come wh looking backward, they will see their folly d own themselves troublesome babies, who to spoil the garden before all men.

MARY KYLE DALL

◆

A Good Day's Work.

There is a feeling of satisfaction at [illegible]ing performed a good day's work that [illegible] else can produce. One's limbs may ac[illegible] body be weary, but when repose and r[illegible] low, there is sure to be a certain comfo[illegible] sensation, both physical and mental, [illegible] indescribable.

No matter what the character of the [illegible] may be—shovelling coal, laying brick, s[illegible]ing the sledge-hammer, holding the plow, [illegible]ting type, editing a paper, teaching, learn[illegible]ing—the feeling is the same; the pride is justifiable. One may then go to a pleasant home with pride in his heart, or talk with his neighbors on the issues of the day like a m[illegible] or if he is addicted to the bad habit—sm[illegible] cigar or a pipe without a *very* severe wor[illegible] from the "still small voice," or seek enjoy[illegible]ment in his own way, provided that wa[illegible] proper one.

The solid contentment that follows a good day's work comes not after revelry or idle pleasure. Even the speculating capitalist who has made a lucky strike, fails to find the same keen satisfaction that falls to the lot of honestly industrious workers.

◆

Death at a Concert.

At the late meeting of the Emperors of Russia, Austria and Prussia, in Berlin, imperial festivities were indulged in at enormous cost. There were military parades, illuminations, musical *fêtes*, balls, and all manner of magnificent amusements. On the last day of the festivities there was to be a grand and exclusive concert, to which none but the members of royal and noble families was to be admitted. But one uninvited guest came to the concert whom not even an imperial ukase could bar out. That uninvited guest was Death. Prince ALBERT of Prussia fell down in a fit and died, just before the concert began. The performance went on just the same, however, and the death of the prince was not announced to the public till the next day. His sudden death, notwithstanding the attempt of the monarchs to enjoy their music, must have struck a discord to the heart of the performance, and forcibly reminded the survivors that they are constantly in the power of One with whom not even Emperors can cope.

◆

A Love of a Man.

There is a Member of Parliament named *Love Jones Parry.*

He can hardly love to be obliged to parry the effect of such a ridiculous name.

THE HICKORY FIRE.

BY DR. THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Among the things I most admire
Is the cheerful light of a hickory fire.

I like to sit and watch the blaze
That over the back-log curls and plays.

But more I like the cherry glow,
With orange and blue, in the coals below.

The embers open a book to me,
And wonderful pictures its pages be.

They bring back images from the vast,
The shadowy, half-forgotten past.

My early trouble and early pain,
And early joy, come back again.

There are the Schuylkill's sloping hills,
Its grand old trees, and singing rills.

And there the nook wherein one day
We sat and dreamed the hours away.

But she has gone with her violet eyes;
Within the church-yard old she lies.

But she has gone with her locks of gold,
And I am childless, gray and old.

It changes now to a glowing red—
My present life before me spread.

Little in that to please I see—
The present is too well known to me.

Again a change—a burned stick falls;
Sparks arise, and a city's walls.

This is the future now I spy,
With the boundless grasp of a dreamer's eye.

There castle and palace, baton and crown,
Rise from the depths and tumble down.

Riches so vast they pass all count;
A height it makes one giddy to mount.

And thus for riches, and thus for sway,
I come to my hickory fire alway.

Lamp of the genius never I need,
Nor the wondrous ring of the great Djemsheed.

For I cross the sticks at an angle—so,
For flame above, and for air below.

I pile the dry logs high and higher,
I grasp the poker, and stir the fire;

And want how much whatever I may,
I start to dreamland right away.

Is it a wonder I admire
The cheerful light of a hickory fire?

The storm outside may whistle and roar,
The sleet may drive, the hail may pour.

What does it matter then to me,
So long as these pleasant things I see;

And visions of past and future days
Rise in the fire to the old man's gaze?

The Plot Against Hawley;

OR, THE

PRISONER OF DESOLATION.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MAGICIAN," "RED KNIFE," "THE BROKEN HOME," "EDDY'S SEARCH," "THE CLUB-FOOT BEAR," "MARK HEBER'S LUCK," ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.

MRS. HAWLEY AT DESOLATION.

Upon the deck of the *Ocean Monarch*, as she neared Desolation, sat Mrs. Hawley, looking intently shoreward, with an interest and anxiety too deep for expression.

Beside her was her baby, in the arms of his nurse, and a few yards away stood Miss Dail and Mr. Wilber, arm in arm, dividing their thoughts and glances between the island and their immediate surroundings.

All along the deck had gathered the passengers and crew, wondering why the ship was calling at Desolation, for not a word had been breathed of the plot of which Hawley was the victim, not an accusation had been made, not the least gossip provoked; only those immediately concerned in Mrs. Hawley's movements having been informed of their object.

Prominent in his place aft, in the midst of the men he was directing, stood the commander of the clipper, Capt. Britton, an honest, hearty, whole-souled gentleman, as commanders almost invariably are.

"And it is *here* that my poor husband was abandoned so infamously a long, long year ago," murmured the young wife and mother, as her eyes roamed searchingly over the wild and rugged shores before her. "It is here that he has suffered—and, possibly, died!"

"Oh, you will find him all safe," assured Wilber. "In less than an hour you will see him."

The thought was too overwhelming for speech. Mrs. Hawley relapsed into silence.

"You may shake out our colors, Mr. Everly," said Captain Britton to his first officer.

The order was promptly executed.

"If your husband is still here, as I hope and believe, he will be glad to see the old flag," added the commander, in a low voice, in the ear of Mrs. Hawley. "But you must be brave, my dear young lady. Even if we see no sign of him—even if we get no trace of him here—you need not despair. Some passing ship may have rescued him, or at the worst, Miss Pedder may have been here before us and taken him away in the *Childers*."

"In any case, a few short hours or even minutes will throw light on these questions," said Mrs. Hawley, "and I shall certainly try to be hopeful and patient."

The ship advanced rapidly, with a favoring breeze, and at length rounded Cape Français and began to lay her course into the harbor.

"A schooner anchored at the head of the bay," suddenly reported a seaman on the forecastle, and the announcement was instantly passed along to the commander.

"A schooner—a yacht, in fact," said Capt. Britton to Mrs. Hawley, as soon as he had taken a look at the stranger through his glass. "It's odd enough to see her here."

"Why so, sir?"

"She's all out of her world. Such craft do not often undertake such a voyage as she must have made to come here. She may have a good reason, however, for being where she is."

The yacht at once became an object of great interest, as the clipper swept on toward the inner harbor. But less than half the distance between Cape Français and the usual anchorage had been traversed by the *Monarch*, when a boat containing five men pushed off from the yacht, and began pulling strongly in the direction of the clipper.

"Heave to, Mr. Everly, in time to allow them to board us," commanded Capt. Britton. "They are evidently coming to meet us, and it may be unnecessary for us to anchor."

A few moments later the ship was hove to, and the boat came along side.

The four men rowing appeared to the casual eye ordinary sailors. They may have looked a little rough, but they were certainly well-behaved, being quiet, silent and respectful.

The fifth individual, who steered the boat, seated in its stern, looked respectable enough, and displayed some of the dignity pertaining to authority, the least glance at him showing that he was in charge of the party. He was stout and burly of frame, and his chief characteristics were a huge beard and a bushy head of hair that fairly enveloped his upper extremity.

"Will you board us?" asked Capt. Britton of the evident leader of the party.

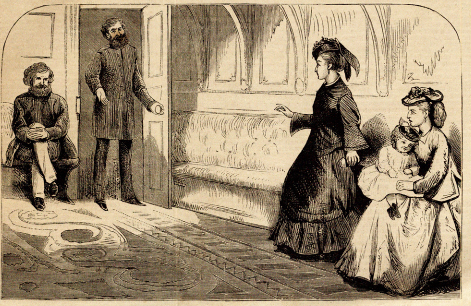
"That depends, sir. If you are calling for fresh water, as I suppose, you had better stand up to the yacht before anchoring—"

"We are not here for water."

"No? I see that you are American," and the speaker glanced up at the national flag, "and as my owners are American, I have taken the liberty—"

"Come aboard at once, sir," interrupted Capt. Britton. "No apologies are needed. On the contrary, I am glad to see you. Perhaps you can tell us in a word what it would otherwise take us several hours to discover."

The stranger laid hold of the rope ladder lowered to him, and mounted briskly to the deck. Some sailors threw a rope to the boat, which was duly caught by the men therein, and the boat thus retained along side.



CAPTAIN LUKE PEDDER DISCOVERING HIMSELF TO MRS. HAWLEY.

"But first let me know what I can do for you," resumed Britton smilingly, as he offered his hand to the stranger.

"I want a few fine stores, sir, and some brandy or whisky. Mr. Aymar and Mr. Hawley will sail in the yacht for New York to-morrow morning."

A wild ejaculation came from Mrs. Hawley's lips, as she sprang to her feet and fixed her gaze upon the stranger.

"Hawley—did you say?" she managed to articulate.

"Yes, ma'am. Mr. Hawley and his uncle are the owners of the yacht you see here, ma'am. Perhaps I may as well say that I'm the sailing-master of the yacht, and my name 's Gorrel, at your service, ma'am. We 're very much in need of these stores, Captain," continued Mr. Gorrel, addressing himself again to Captain Britton, with the air of having finished his remarks to the lady. "The fact is, you see, both Mr. Hawley and Mr. Aymar have been seeing very rough times lately. Mr. Hawley came here for fresh water a year ago in his ship, the *Flying Childers*, of New York. He was assaulted while ashore by some unknown crazy person who is still lurking here, and was carried off to a cave, the whole thing happening in such a way that he was supposed by his captain and crew to have tumbled into the sea. The result of that misfortune was that Mr. Hawley has been obliged to stay here ever since, and has suffered a great deal, once or twice almost starving to death. As to his uncle, Mr. Aymar—Mr. Thomas Aymar of Calcutta—he has had a very hard time indeed. He sailed for America the middle of last February, but his ship was chased and destroyed by pirates, and he barely escaped with his life with the other passengers in the boats. He was picked up in a day or two thereafter and carried to Melbourne. Here he tried to find a ship bound for America, but none was to be had. Then he tried to buy a ship, but couldn't. In this extremity he came across my old employer, Lord Wycklough, who owned this yacht here, and who had set out to sail around the world in her. But Lord Wycklough was already tired of the voyage, and he was glad, therefore, on hearing how much Mr. Aymar wanted to sail for New York—Lord Wycklough was glad, I say, sir, to sell the yacht at a low price to Mr. Aymar, whom he had known in India, and go back in a steamer to England. Mr. Aymar was anxious to have me remain in the yacht—he kept all of the crew, in fact—and away we sailed for New York. Our water got foul, however, as we got up into this neighborhood, and so we called here yesterday—"

"And here you found Mr. Hawley?" interrupted Mrs. Hawley breathlessly.

"Exactly, ma'am, here we found Mr. Hawley, and in a few minutes it all came out that he was Mr. Aymar's nephew, having married the only daughter of Mr. Aymar's brother, a Miss Clara Aymar, if I remember rightly, and the rejoicings we have all been having here you can't imagine."

The face of Mrs. Hawley had flushed deeper and deeper with every word of this false narration.

"And where—is Mr. Hawley now?" she breathed softly, restraining the joyous excitement that had taken possession of her whole being. "On the yacht?"

"No, ma'am. He 's some miles away with his uncle in the interior of the island. We expect them back early in the evening. They may not come until morning, to be sure, but they hoped to get through with their business before night. But excuse me, ma'am, for troubling you with these details. I merely intended to say enough to you, sir," and he turned again to Britton, "to make it plain why we are in need of the stores mentioned, and especially of some brandy. Mr. Hawley has suffered so much here that he is in rather feeble health, and Mr. Aymar is far from strong. The minute I saw you coming, I resolved to ask you for a few supplies, captain, and so prepare a little surprise for Mr. Hawley and his uncle against their return. I will pay for everything, of course—"

"No, you won't," interrupted Capt. Britton, as he again extended his hand to his visitor. "See here, Mr. Gorrel," and his voice vibrated with a deep emotion. "In return for all your information, permit me to give you some. Your coming here at this moment is as timely as was the fall of manna from heaven to the ancient Hebrews. This lady is Mrs. Hawley, the wife of Mr. Hawley and the niece of Mr. Aymar, and the very object for which we have called here to-day is to look for her husband."

"No? It isn't possible!"

"Such is indeed the fact, Mr. Gorrel," said Mrs. Hawley quickly, her full heart of joy running over in her eyes and in her voice, "and every word of your information has rolled a mountain of misery and anxiety from our souls."

"No! Can it be that you are anything to Mr. Hawley, ma'am, and that you are here to look for him? It 's too surprising for belief."

And Mr. Gorrel put on a look of wondering surprise, and seemed to be in a state of positive bewilderment.

"It is even as we tell you, Mr. Gorrel," said the young wife and mother, in a glow of glad emotions. "I am Mr. Hawley's wife—formerly the very Clara Aymar whose name you have mentioned. I am aware that Uncle Thomas sailed the middle of last February for home, and your good faith is proven by the perfect agreement of all you have said with my own knowledge. I have learned too of the sad accident that befell my husband here, and it is to release him that I have undertaken this long voyage."

Mr. Gorrel stood in a puzzled won[illegible] a few moments, evidently at a lo[illegible] to comprehend how all these things could be as stated.

"Well, well," he then commenced, "if you are sure that Mr. Hawley is your husband, it's all right, I suppose, although I can't for the life of me make out— But never mind. If everything is as you suppose, why, you have come just in time, ma'am, for we should have been off for New York before your arrival, if you hadn't come until to-morrow night."

"Thank God that I have arrived [illegible] as I have!" murmured Mrs. Hawley feelingly. "Has the *Childers* been here before us?"

"Yes, ma'am, just a year ago to-day. It was in the *Childers*, you know—"

"But I mean, has the *Childers* been here lately—within a few days, or possibly weeks?"

"No, ma'am. No ship has been here—no ship whatever. If any had been here, Mr. Hawley would have sailed away in her."

"We have beaten Miss Pedder," said Mrs. Hawley to Capt. Britton, lowering her voice, and dismissing all the agonies of the past few months in a single brief sigh. "It does seem as if miracles were being wrought in our favor. My husband is not only alive and well, but Uncle Thomas is with him, and they have a stout little yacht in which we can all sail together for home immediately. Did any greater sorrow ever end in brighter gladness than mine?"

"Never. I rejoice with you from the bottom of my soul. This man is evidently honesty and simplicity itself. He came here merely for a few stores, but at almost his first word he lets out the weighty news we are dying to hear. Nothing could be better."

"And here my voyage with you suddenly ends," said Mrs. Hawley. "You will go on to Australia, while I return to New York in the company of my husband and uncle."

"Will you go aboard the yacht immediately?"

"I would like to—so as to be there when my husband and Uncle Thomas come back from the island. By the way, Mr. Gorrel," she added, raising her voice, "what is the nature of the business that has called my husband into the interior of the island?"

"The reply is for your private ear, ma'am—no offence to any of your friends."

Mrs. Hawley nodded assent, and Mr. Gorrel whispered a few words in her ear.

She started and smiled.

"He says they have got track of the fortune lost by Uncle Thomas ten years ago," said she to Capt. Britton, in a tone too low to reach the ears of any of the sailors or passengers standing near them. "This fortune was buried here by the pirates, and uncle and my husband have gone to recover it."

"Astonishing!" commented Britton. "I see that all our affairs here are in the full tide of prosperity. We'll give Mr. Gorrel his stores immediately, and then I will escort you to the yacht in one of our boats. Your friends will go with us, and all your trunks and boxes?"

"Of course. My leave-taking of you is a final one for the present. But you will remain with me long enough to see my husband and uncle?"

"If possible. By the way, Mr. Gorrel, when will Mr. Hawley be back?"

"He talked of returning before dark. But my opinion is that he will not be back until morning."

"Not until morning," repeated Britton, as a shadow crossed his brow. "I don't quite like to remain here so long, but I will. A few words of explanation to the passengers will prevent any complaints—"

"Excuse me, Captain Britton. I must oppose your generous resolve. I must respect the rights of the other passengers and the interests of your owners. A brief call of the ship here is all I ever intended. You can send Mr. Gorrel away with his stores, as you suggested—"

"I will do so now. Permit me to give the necessary orders."

This matter was promptly disposed of, and the boat, laden with a profusion of supplies, set out on its return to the yacht.

"And now we will follow them," said Mrs Hawley. "I am impatient to be off."

The little party took leave of their [illegible] on the *Monarch*, and followed in the wake of Mr. Gorrel's boat, soon arriving alongside the yacht and mounting to her deck. Mr. Gorrel was on hand to receive them, escorting them all over the beautiful little craft, and talking constantly of Mr. Hawley and Mr. Aymar in a way that made Mrs. Hawley and her friends feel entirely at home with him. A single state-room was not visited, the door being locked, but Gorrel explained that this was Mr. Aymar's, and contained sundry private effects which it pleased the old gentleman to guard from the general sight, and none of the guests thought anything strange of the matter.

For half an hour or more Capt. Britton lingered in the cabin of the yacht, hoping that Mr. Hawley and his uncle would come, but as he finally grew uneasy, Mrs. Hawley could not refrain from saying:

"You see that I am perfectly at home here, Captain Britton, and I cannot be selfish enough to ask you to remain longer."

"I shall have to stay at the island all night, if I do not get under way soon," returned the captain, glancing through a port-hole at the darkening sky. "You feel perfectly safe here, and all that sort of thing?"

"Of course. Perhaps we had better say good-bye, as gladly as I would keep you here until my husband's arrival. But you will come and see us on your return to New York?"

"Yes, I will. Remember me to your husband meanwhile. You think of nothing more in particular to say or request?"

"Nothing, only to thank you for all your kindness."

A few minutes more were consumed in the final greetings and recommendations inseparable from such an occasion, and then Capt. Britton returned to his boat, and was rowed back to his ship.

Mrs. Hawley accompanied him to the deck, and even lingered there, with Miss Dail beside her, until he had reached his ship, got under way, and was standing swiftly out of the harbor. Then the couple went back to the cabin, where Mr. Wilber was playing with the baby, which he had taken from the arms of its nurse, and where Mr. Gorrel, who had dumped himself into a seat, was looking around upon the new-comers with a glance as strange as it was furtive.

And as Mrs. Hawley and Miss Dail thus joined the little group, the door of the state-room which had been noticed as being locked was suddenly opened from within, calling every eye in that direction, and Captain Luke Pedder emerged into the cabin!

CHAPTER XLII.

REACHING A SATISFACTORY RESULT.

The revulsion of feeling which shook Mrs Hawley's frame at sight of Pedder is beyond description. To this day she cannot look back to that awful moment without a shudder.

A single glance told her all.

She had defied her enemy too soon!

He had stolen the march upon her—arrived at the island in advance of her. The yacht was Pedder's yacht. Its crew were Pedder's minions.

In a word, she was entrapped!

If she had had the least doubt of her situation, a glance at the smile of infernal triumph upon Pedder's face would have enlightened her.

"My husband is not here, then?" she demanded, endeavoring to calm the wild throbbings of her heart, as she sank into a seat.

"If you mean Mr. Hawley—no," replied Pedder, with smiling insolence. "If you mean the happy individual who is destined to be your next husband—yes!"

"This Mr. Gorrel is an impostor?"

"This Mr. Gorrel is my old friend Tom Breeling. Show the lady your face, Tom, and let her see that it 's a beauty!"

Tom tore off his false beard and hair, and revealed his evil countenance, in all its repulsiveness, with an insulting grin of triumph.

"Tom has seen you before," resumed Pedder. "He is the renowned pork merchant of Cincinnati, Deacon Abraham Sanborn, who so cruelly deceived our dear Mrs. Piper, and robbed you of twenty-five hundred dollars. Mrs. Piper having informed me of your sudden departure for Desolation, I concluded to buy the fastest sea-going yacht that money could procure and follow you. Here I am accordingly, and it is hardly necessary for me to assure you that I renew my acquaintance with you with the greatest delight."

"And my husband? Oh! where is my husband?"

"You mean Hawley? Well, Hawley was rescued from this island nearly a year ago by a whaler, and sailed to Melbourne. Where he went afterward, I haven't the least idea. Fact is, I'm not his keeper."

"And all this talk about Uncle Thomas is false—as false as the rest of your Breeling's assertions!"

"Quite correct. In nine cases out of ten, you can stake your bottom dollar that anything Tom Breeling tells you is sadly in need of confirmation. Hearken now to the facts. Your Uncle Thomas was chased and overhauled by a pirate, as before, and he escaped in a boat, as before, but from that day to this no passing vessel has had a glimpse of him, and it is only reasonable to conclude—eight or ten months having elapsed since then—that the unfortunate gentleman has gone to the bottom, unless his powers of floating are equal to those of the Flying Dutchman."

Mrs. Hawley grew sick at heart. Inquiries of this wretch were vain; silence was preferable.

"Escape is impossible," she murmured. "I must resign myself to this captivity, I suppose. Do you intend to kill me, Captain Pedder?"

"Not the least killing, I assure you. That would be shockingly wasteful."

"May I inquire your immediate plans and purposes concerning me?"

"Certainly. You will be placed in this state-room on your right hand—the one over the door of which you see a simple legend in the shape of a figure three. You will have a nice table served regularly to you in your apartment, and will have a list of choice wines to choose from, to say nothing of such ordinary drinks as tea, coffee, and ale. No dog shall bite you for the next three weeks, if I can help it. No mad steer shall toss you on his horns, unless he slips through the port-hole to do it. Will you retire to your new quarters immediately?"

"I shall be glad to do so."

"This way, then."

He threw open the door of the state-room indicated, and Mrs. Hawley arose and moved in that direction, after enjoining by a gesture Miss Dail and the nurse to take the baby from Mr. Wilber and follow her. She had no sooner entered the state-room, however, than Pedder closed and locked the door between her and her friends, and placed his back against it.

"The room is too small for so many," he said mockingly. "Besides, I have other plans for the rest of you."

"Other plans?" repeated the nurse, as the silent tears she had hitherto been shedding suddenly increased to a torrent, while she moaned and wrung her hands. "What have I done, sir, that I should be treated so cruelly? What has Mrs. Hawley done?"

"Silence, you old goose, or I'll throw you to the sharks. Over the door of your apartment you will see a legend in the shape of a figure four. That is your room, old girl, and the sooner you get the door locked between you and me, the better it will be for you."

"Oh, sir—"

"Not a word! In to your room with you," interrupted Pedder, pushing the terrified and anguished woman before him. "In with you, and let 's have no noise about it!"

Pushing her into the apartment assigned her, he closed and locked the door upon her.

"That hives the mistress and nurse," said he, "and now for the rest of you."

He turned his baleful gaze upon Miss Dail, who had taken charge of Mrs. Hawley's baby, and stood leaning against the wall of the cabin, watching Pedder's movements.

Until this moment he had not seemed to see her, but the look of hatred and revenge he now fixed upon her was murderous.

"So, I see you again, Miss Dail?" he said hoarsely. "I have never dared hope for such a pleasure as this. But for you my plot would have been a success. You alone are responsible for my failure. It is right that you should suffer. I will not kill you outright, as I might have done had I encountered you in the first moments of my bitterness and disappointment. I will merely send you where there is not the least danger of your ever doing me any further injury. Tom," he added, turning to his executive, "take the young lady in a boat, and set her ashore upon Sentry-box island. You can enlighten her as you go along in regard to the parties she will meet there and the circumstances in which she will find them."

Tom instantly arose, uttering a whistle-call.

"This way, Miss Dail," said he, stepping toward the entrance of the cabin.

"One moment," said Wilber, who had also arisen and drawn a revolver. "Do not lay a finger upon Miss Dail—"

"Seize him," interrupted Pedder impatiently, as several of his men came hurrying into the cabin, in response to Breeling's call.

The struggles of Wilber were desperate, and he succeeded in discharging two chambers of his revolver, but he failed to inflict any injury upon his assailants, and to long resist their united efforts was out of the question. He was speedily secured, and bound so tightly, hand and foot, that he could not move.

"Take her away, Tom," then said Pedder, indicating the young lady.

"This way, Miss Dail," repeated Tom, seizing her by the arm. "Come with me."

She resisted desperately, without loosing her hold of the baby—resisted so long and so well that Tom was obliged to call for assistance. The baby was hurt in the contest, and its wild cries soon added to the tumult, but they were immediately drowned by the wilder screams of Mrs. Hawley, who beat furiously upon her door. But the awful scene was of brief duration. Miss Dail was secured and hurried away, with the baby still clasped to her heart, and Pedder cried after his retreating minions:

"Take the brat away with her! I won't be bothered with him."

Mrs. Hawley heard the words, and the blow was too horrible for endurance. She sank unconscious to the floor.

Hurried on deck and into a boat, Miss Dail was on her way to Sentry-box island before she could fully realize the violence to which she and her friends had been subjected. The continued crying of the baby, to which she still clung, soon focused her thoughts upon the little innocent, and she busied herself in soothing its fears and in lulling it to sleep.

"You can come out now, Ruth," called Pedder, when Miss Dail and her oppressors had gone. "And you, Bantam."

The couple named immediately emerged into the cabin—Miss Pedder from the room her brother had occupied, and Bantam from a hiding-place in one of the steward's offices.

"The whole thing is a success," said the latter smilingly. "Nothing remains but for us to get out of this immediately and look up new quarters. So far as I am concerned, I'd like to steer for Australia, where I'm sure to find friends, or if you prefer, we can sail for the retreat of the Malay Gunner."

"The Malay Gunner?" echoed Pedder and his sister in chorus.

"Yes. I may not have mentioned the fact, but the Malay Gunner is a friend of mine, and a right clever fellow he is. Once at his secret retreat, we shall not easily be found. But before we sail in any direction, friend Pedder, I wish to make a short visit to the shore. The truth is, I left a friend behind me when I came off to visit you—a friend who like myself had the good fortune to escape from the blood-hounds of the *Thunderer*, concerning whose exploits I have briefly enlightened you."

"And this friend of yours is awaiting advices somewhere on the shore near us?" asked Pedder, averting his eyes to conceal a gleam which suddenly entered them.

"Yes, that 's it. He 's waiting for me at a certain place, in pursuance of a mutual understanding. I was uncertain, you see, what my reception by you would be, and he concluded to stay away until this point was settled. Everything is now arranged, and as I'm not a man to desert a friend, I'll take a boat, if you please, and slip ashore for him."

"All right," said Pedder, exchanging a glance of secret intelligence with his sister. "And as I'm a little heated with the row we've just been having, I'll go with you. I want a breath of fresh air. As to this fellow," and he spurned Mr. Wilber with his foot, "we 'll take him ashore, and leave him in charge of the island."

Miss Pedder smiled her approbation, and the couple raised the helpless form of Mr. Wilber between them, and carried him to the deck. A moment later, summoning a boat's crew, they were on their way to the beach at the head of the harbor.

"I wonder if Luke understood me?" mused Miss Pedder, on being left to herself. "I do hope that he did."

She fell into a reverie from which she was aroused by a sudden pitch of the yacht, which showed that it was no longer at anchor.

She leaped to her feet in astonishment, but ere she could cross the cabin floor, her brother glided lightly into her presence.

He was more "heated" than when he started ashore for a breath of air, and his face was deeply flushed, but his manner was singularly jubilant.

"What! back so soon?" greeted his sister. "Where is Bantam?"

"Somewhere along the shore, looking for his friend."

"And the yacht?"

"Is on her way to meet Tom as he returns from Sentry-box island."

"Ah, you *did* understand me, then?"

"Yes, I did. At the very first word Bantam said of his proposed visit to the shore, it flashed upon my mind what an excellent move it would be to get rid of him. He 's done us all the good he ever can. What do we want of his Malay Gunners, or even of such a character as he is himself—a runaway convict, an outlaw, a desperate ruffian? What security have we that he would not turn upon us the minute he collects a few of his friends around him? My idea all the while was to use Bantam, and not to be used by him. I've accordingly abandoned him. I've turned my back upon him forever."

"But how did you get rid of him so neatly?"

"Why, he went up into the hills to look for his friend, and no sooner was he out of sight than I at once stated to my men that I was going to abandon him, and at once took the back track."

"And you got back to the yacht before he detected the movement?"

"Yes. I don't know as he has detected it yet. In any case, he may call till he is blind, and I shall not pay any heed to him. We 'd be pretty fools to go through the world with such a millstone as that around our necks, especially when we have the two vast fortunes of Mr. Aymar duly hived in our state-room!"

"I agree with you. It was essential to get rid of him, and to get rid of him now. But where will you go from here?"

"We 'll sail for the Pacific. I've some idea of hiding a year or two upon some lovely coral island, and also some idea of burying part of our money where even our men won't know where it is. We will talk of all these matters in the course of a day or two, and come to some definite conclusion. One thing is certain: with the money we have secured, we can turn up in due time in Paris, or some other European capital, and live like a queen and king for the remainder of our lives."

"I was thinking of all that while you was absent. I suppose we are disgraced forever in New York, but it doesn't much matter, as we shall never have occasion to go back there."

"No, it don't matter a penny. I'm sorry our plot was botched, of course, for I would have liked you to secure Hawley, since you thought so much of him—"

"Don't mention his name," interrupted Miss Pedder, elevating her nose scornfully in the air. "I wonder already how I could ever have been so maudlin and foolish about him. What is he, after all? Why, with the wealth at our command, Luke, you can marry a duchess, if you choose, and I can become a lady of consequence in the great circles of fashion—a baroness at the least. Bah! I wouldn't use Hawley for a door-mat. He's of so little account, that it isn't worth our while to harm a hair of his head."

"I don't intend to. I talked that way for Bantam's benefit; but why should I harm him? Let him and his friends all take their chances of being rescued by some passing vessel. They won't be rescued, at the best, until we are thousands of miles away, and we really have nothing to fear from them. I'll be revenged upon Mrs. Hawley, of course, and I'll make her endure a little of the vexation she has caused me during the last few months, but it never'll be in her power again to make me miserable. The fact is, Ruth, if we haven't accomplished all we set out to do, we *have* accomplished a pretty large success financially, and after all money is the one essential."

"I agree with you, Luke. We've certainly reached a satisfactory result."

At this moment one of Pedder's seamen slipped into the cabin, and reported that Fisty Bantam and his friend had appeared on the beach, and were calling and gesticulating in the wildest surprise and despair.

"Let them squirm," commented Pedder, with a light laugh. "Come and tell me, as soon as we have rounded Arched Point and anything is seen of Mr. Breeling."

The man went away, but soon appeared again.

"We have rounded Arched Point, sir," he reported, "and Mr. Breeling is about two miles ahead of us, coming to meet us."

"Everything is as it should be, you see," remarked Pedder to his sister, when the sailor had again retired. "Bantam and his friend are left behind, and that young hero of Miss Dail's is with them. Mrs. Hawley is safe in my hands. Mr. Aymar, Hawley, Miss Dail and the brat are all together upon Sentry-box island. And all that now remains for us to do is to turn our backs upon these parties, and leave these scenes forever. Everything is lovely!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOLLOWING AN EXAMPLE.

BY ALICE STARR.

"I am really quite shocked at your conduct, Nettie; it is most indecorous;" and the speaker, Nettie Danforth's maiden aunt, a prim, well-preserved lady of about forty, put on a severe look.

"Why, Auntie, what have I done now?" queried Nettie, raising her blue eyes in well-simulated surprise.

"You know too well, I fear, child. You will persist in trying by every means in your power to attract the attention of Ned Bartram, and really your flirtations with him are too much for me to endure calmly. I feel that I must remonstrate, and try to awaken within you a sense of modesty, which now seems deadened, or at least sleeping. Now, when *I* was young—"

"When you were young! Why, Auntie, I hope you don't consider yourself *old—I* don't," cried Nettie, with animation, hoping to distract her aunt's attention from herself by a little delicate flattery.

"Why—ahem—no, child, not *old*, of course, but I have passed the age of gushing school-girlhood, and can now, from my twenty-eight years of experience, judge more clearly of what is proper for a young girl like you."

"To be sure, Auntie, I acknowledge that you know what is best; but you speak of your *experience*: do tell me about your old beaux," urged Nettie mischievously.

"Beaux!" cried Miss Elmer, and her face expressed all the horror she felt. "Why, my dear, I never thought of such a thing! As I told you before, the ideas of the young girls of twen—ahem!—of a few years ago were not all bent on such things. Yet here are you, who, with the examples that have been set you, should be a most modest, retiring girl, using your greatest endeavors to captivate this young man. It's shameful, positively shameful! I blush for you."

"No, don't; I'll do it for myself."

And Nettie covered her face with her hands, and Miss Elmer observed, with great satisfaction, that her niece's face was quite crimson; but, alas! we are sorry to say it was not, as the good lady imagined, with mortification, but—suppressed laughter.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Auntie," continued Nettie, after a pause of apparent confusion. "I'll promise to follow *your example*. There, will that satisfy you?"

"Perfectly. And though I say it, who shouldn't, I *must* say that I think you will find little to blush for if you follow in my footsteps."

And the lady lifted her head rather proudly; while Nettie, having given and received the kiss of reconciliation, managed to stifle her mirth until she reached her own room, where it found vent in a clear, melodious trill of laughter, as she said:

"Ah, Auntie, Auntie, you think I don't know about your demure flirtation with old Doctor Allen; of your occasional *necessary* visits to his office for *medical aid*, and your *unexpected* encounters in the street—ha, ha!—but I *do*. And it will be my own fault if I don't marry Ned Bartram, in spite of your shocked sense of propriety."

"It's all nonsense, my dear boy, sheer nonsense, the idea of *you*, who are hardly of age, talking of marriage." And Ned Bartram's maternal uncle grew quite red in the face in his indignation.

"Why, uncle, I'm twenty-five. I should think I was almost old enough to be looking out for a wife, that is, if I ever intend to have one, which I most certainly do."

"Pshaw! ten years hence will be time enough. No man ought to marry before he is thirty-five; he don't know his own mind."

"But, uncle," expostulated Ned, "who is going to wait all those years for a fellow? Certainly not pretty Nettie Danforth. Why, she has had a dozen lovers already, and although I am happy to say that she has discarded them all in my favor, I could not think of presuming to ask her to wait a dozen years for me."

"Why, there are other young ladies in the world besides Nettie Danforth, my boy. To be sure, she is pretty, and, I presume, is as sensible as most young girls; but she is altogether too young. Now if *I* was to select, I should choose some sensible woman of maturer age—say about such a person as Miss Nettie's aunt, Miss Araminta Elmer. Ah, my boy, *there's* a sensible girl for you. She'd make a first-rate wife."

"Ugh! she's forty, if she's a day," muttered Ned to himself, in disgust; then turning to his uncle, he said smilingly:

"If you have such a fine opinion of the lady, why don't you marry her yourself, Uncle Allen?"

"I—I marry?" and the old gentleman's face became purple as he bustled excitedly about the room, with hands clasped under his coat-tails. "How absurd! Ned, you know I don't believe in such nonsense. I've lived fifty-five—ahem! forty years without thinking of it, and it's not likely I am going to make a fool of myself *now*, is it? *Is* it, I say, sir?" demanded he indignantly, halting his chubby little person before his amused nephew.

"Well, my dear uncle, you see we disagree so upon that subject. Now *I* should call it anything but making a fool of yourself if you were to marry; and really, sir, I agree with you that Miss Elmer is a fine old girl," said Ned mischievously.

"Old, sir, *old*? Why, Ned, my boy, what are you talking about? She tells—I—I mean I have been told that Miss Elmer is twenty-eight or thereabouts; just at the proper age for matrimony."

"Well, if you say so, why, of course I am bound to believe you; but really, if any one had asked *my* opinion, I should have added ten or twelve years more; but any how, uncle, take my advice and marry her. You can't do better; and then perhaps you will feel more charitably inclined toward Nettie and myself."

"No thanks for your advice," roared the irascible old gentleman. "Keep it until it is asked for, will you? There," as Ned opened his mouth, as if about to speak; "not another word, sir. Get out of my room, will you, with your uncalled for *advices?*"

Ned smilingly obeyed. He knew his uncle too well not to feel sure that his anger was only momentary, and that, as the old gentleman was really one of the best-hearted men living, he would have gotten well over his indignation before they met at table.

"Good heavens!" murmured the doctor, as he sank exhausted into a chair, and ran his hand nervously through his scanty curls, "the young rascal will have me accepted, and married before I know it. Can he suspect my partiality for Miss Elmer? No, I think it is only his inveterate love of match-making. He is crazy to run his own head into a noose, and so wants everybody else to be as idiotic as he is."

And the offending nephew whispered to himself as he walked away:

"The old gentleman is certainly smitten with the peerless (?) charms of Miss Elmer, and I shouldn't wonder if they make a match of it after all, as Nettie predicts. Ha, ha! How uncle colored up when I proposed it."

Miss Elmer sat in her brother's parlor alone, dressed in her best, and with her well-dyed hair arranged in the most becoming fashion. She sat rigidly erect in her chair, as motionless as if sitting for her portrait; but it was for something far more important that she was attired with so much care—she expected a caller. The family had all gone to a neighbor's to tea, but she, by a preconcerted plan, had excused herself on the plea of a headache, and now, with a fluttering heart, she awaited the coming of her visitor, Doctor Allen, who, she felt assured, would joyfully seize upon such a favorable opportunity to declare his passion.

A low, rather irresolute knock sounded on the door, and Miss Elmer hastened to open it.

"Ah, is it you, Doctor?" she cried smilingly. "Walk in. I am in solitary grandeur, and was really feeling quite lonely."

"Lonely, my dear Madam?" ejaculated the little doctor, as he removed his hat, and followed his hostess into the parlor. "Lonely! Oh, sweet lady, would *I* could guard you against all such feelings. Believe me, it would give me the most intense happiness;" and he placed his hand upon his heart, and bowed deeply.

"Why, Doctor, how you talk!" and Miss Elmer simpered, and attempted to blush behind her fan; "you men are such odd creatures."

"Odd, dearest Madam! *odd*? Well, I admit it; we certainly *are* odd when Cupid pierces us with his downy shafts. But then, Madam, it is the *ladies* who are to blame, for who can withstand their bright glances and sunny faces?" and he gave her a most affectionate glance.

Miss Elmer really *did* color, this time from excitement, for she felt that the decisive moment was very near at hand, and she murmured:

"Dear me, Doctor, what a flatterer you are!"

"I assure you, dear lady, I do not flatter. Ah, Araminta!" and down plumped the little doctor upon his knees. "I assure you that I am in the most solemn earnest. I have lost my heart to your bewildering charms, sweet one, and will not rise from here until you promise to be my bride."

Much as she had longed and waited for this moment, during her long years of spinsterhood, Araminta Elmer was dumb with delight and a little real embarrassment; but mistaking her silence for aversion, the doctor cried:

"If you won't have me, Araminta, I'll—I'll—take poison!"

"O—h!" screamed Miss Elmer.

"I will!" he averred solemnly, forgetting his late declaration, and rising to his feet.

"Oh, then, Jonathan, I will promise anything you please," cried Miss Elmer, blushing. "Take me, dearest; I am yours!" and she flung herself into his arms; but her weight was almost too much for the enamored doctor, who staggered back, and would undoubtedly have fallen, had not a knock just then sounded on the front door, and Miss Elmer withdrew herself from his arms, gasping:

"O my! the folks have returned. What *shall* we do? I would not have them find you here for anything. They—they would tease me so about you, Jonathan, dear;" and she simpered.

"Good gracious, Araminta!" cried the doctor, mopping his hot face with his handkerchief; "I'm sure I wouldn't have that rascally nephew of mine find me here for a thousand dollars. Cannot you hide me?"

The knocking was repeated, this time much louder.

"Yes; this way," cried Araminta in desperation, and she pushed him into the china closet. "They won't find you here, and as soon as they leave the room I'll let you out."

"One moment, my dear," exclaimed the doctor, popping out his head as she was closing the door; "you promise to be mine?"

"Yes, yes, *anything*—only go in," she cried, in a panic, and, satisfied, the doctor drew in his head, and his betrothed closed and locked the door, and pocketed the key with a sigh of relief.

"Ah! is it you? I declare, you gave me quite a start. I was dozing," fibbed Miss Araminta blandly, as she admitted her brother and his family.

"I thought I heard some one talking to you as we stood upon the steps," said Nettie suspiciously.

"O no; you probably heard me speak to the cat," replied Miss Elmer smilingly.

"Oh, Mr. Bartram," cried Nettie suddenly, "we have some of the finest cake; mother made it yesterday. You must taste it;" and she essayed to open the door of the china closet. "Why, it is locked. Where can the key be?" she cried wonderingly.

A rattling of dishes sounded within the closet, followed by a crash and a wild cry, and then a voice exclaimed:

"Oh! oh! Help! Murder! I'm killed! Let me out!"

Miss Araminta uttered a piercing scream, and fainted.

The door now burst open, and out hobbled the doctor, and a most pitiable spectacle did he present; his hands, face and clothes were bedaubed with Mrs. Danforth's best preserves, and he limped painfully, emitting a deep groan at every step, for one of his feet was held firmly in a large trap which had been set to catch the vermin that infested the closet.

On hearing Nettie's attempt to open the closet door, he had, in a blind attempt at concealment, essayed to climb upon the topmost shelf, but unable to sustain his weight, the shelf gave way, and precipitated him, together with a quantity of china, to the floor.

Despite the poor man's distress, his appearance was so ridiculous that it caused an irrepressible burst of laughter; but he was soon released from his unpleasant predicament, and was then much more inclined to treat the affair as a joke. Ned began to quiz him unmercifully, but Doctor Allen was equal to the occasion, and taking the hand of the blushing Araminta, who had recovered from her swoon, he said bravely:

"Yes, Ned, I have after all concluded to marry, and the sooner you follow my example, you young dog, the better; and the day that sees pretty Miss Nettie here your bride, sees you the possessor of fifty thousand dollars."

"Nettie has promised to marry me, uncle," said Ned, taking the hand of his betrothed.

"And you know, auntie," said Nettie, laughing and blushing at the same time, "I promised to follow your example."

THE COUNTRY LOVER.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

The old wooden clock in the kitchen had just struck two; the great snowball-tree was tossing its white masses of bloom to and fro in the sweet summer air, and a sleepy robin in the green depths of a gigantic old cherry-tree was warbling out a drowsy roundelay, in answer to the chirp of Mrs. Perry's blackbird, whose cage hung in the kitchen window. Dinner was over, and all the dishes cleared away; and the thrifty farmer's wife had sat down to her sewing, with a pair of silver spectacles perched on her Roman nose.

Fanny Clifford sat opposite—a trim, pretty damsel, with a sweet, sun-burned face, and great gray eyes, with blue-black flashes coming and going in their irises. Her pink calico dress and white apron were freshly ironed by her own hands, and the bow of ribbon at her throat was tied carefully under a spotless linen collar.

"So Miles has really gone," said Fanny, after a moment's silence; and there was a little quiver in her voice that the mother fully comprehended.

"Yes," said Mrs. Perry, stitching diligently away at the unbleached cotton shirt she was making for her husband, and pretending not to see the flush on Fanny's cheek, "he has gone. And a great fool he is, in *my* humble opinion."

"O, Mrs. Perry!" deprecated Fanny.

"Well, what else is it?" asked Mrs. Perry, looking in an owlish fashion through the round lenses of her spectacles. "Here he is with as nice a farm as there is in the county, and him the only son, and yet he's possessed to go to the city and clerk it in a dry goods store, just because he thinks it a little genteeler than to plow and sow and reap, as his father and gran'ther did before him, and"—she hesitated a little here—"because he fancies Antonia Archer will be pleased. I've no patience with him; and I wish she had never come down to the Morrises, turning the heads of the girls with her city airs and fripperies, and flirting with every young man she could entice into her toils."

"She—she is very attractive," said poor Fanny.

"Yes—to them 'at likes gilding better than true gold, and is caught by red cheeks and dashing ways. Well"—after a minute's pause, during which she stabbed her needle vindictively into the unoffending cloth—"there's some as can learn by experience only, and our Miles is one of the sort. He'll be back, I expect, when he's found out he isn't the only poor moth whose wings have been scorched in the flame of a coquette's wicked eyes."

"Oh, Mrs. Perry, Miss Archer never would refuse *Miles!*" cried Fanny breathlessly.

"If I thought she wouldn't, I *should* give up!" said Mrs. Perry energetically. "To think of this kitchen, as I've cleaned myself every Saturday morning, and kept as sweet and fresh as a rose, being left to a miserable hired girl, while my lady idles in the best room! I do b'lieve it would drive me crazy. But you're not going, Fanny? Stay to tea, there's a dear, and I'll mix a pan o' light biscuit, and gather some o' them Hovey strawberries as would make a fit supper for a princess. Stay, Fanny! It's a sort o' company for me to have you here."

And Fanny Clifford stays, her poor sore heart somewhat relieved by the sympathy unspoken, yet expressed, of Miles Perry's mother.

The June sunset, fading in such tender tints of rose and opal and gold over the hazel copses of the old farm, was full of glow and sultriness on Broadway. The season was dull; it was a Saturday afternoon, and the Messrs. Scratch & Staylace, after getting all they could out of their much-enduring clerks, had at last reluctantly closed their store and put up their wooden shutters.

And Miles Perry, tired and weary, and aching in every bone, had at last the opportunity to hurry home to his garret room in a third-rate boarding-house.

Life in New York was by no means so delightful a thing as honest Miles had supposed. To work hard all day long, with no reward save snubs and insults from his employers, and covert sneers from his fellow-clerks, who called him "clodhopper" and "country chap," was rather harder than the ordinary course of existence at the farm, although it might be a trifle "genteeler." And up to the present moment, he had been able to avail himself of no opportunity to sun his being in the glances of the fair one for whose sake he had done and dared all this.

But [illegible]ght he would call on Miss Archer; and wi[illegible]er restlessness he tried on collar after collar, and finally adjusted a scarlet silk neck-tie, for which he had paid the, to him, extravagant sum of fifty cents, securing it with a gaudy mosaic pin borrowed from one of his companions at Messrs. Scratch & Staylace's, and brushed diligently away until every speck of dust was removed from his coat and trowsers, pausing at the last to give his boots an extra shine."

"I don't suppose," he said to himself when, all these preliminaries completed, he took a farewell survey of himself in the glass, "that any one would know me for a country fellow now."

And to complete the illusion, our young aspirant lighted a cheap cigar, and made himself uncomfortable with it as he walked along the streets, now bright with the gleam of many gas-lights.

Miss Antonia Archer lived at No. —, Revere street, an aristocratic and pretentious locality, with a good deal of polished glass and plated door-hinges; and at No. —, Revere street, Mr. Miles Perry presented himself, with blushing countenance and throbbing heart.

The servant, a young damsel in blue ribbons and a smart alpaca dress, looked at our hero as if she rather suspected that he had mistaken this for the basement bell.

"She's at home," she admitted, rather grudgingly. "Can't you leave your errand with me, young man?"

"I wish to see Miss Archer," Miles said loftily; and the maid showed him into the library, an apartment divided from the drawing-rooms by a drapery of blue silk curtains hung between fluted pillars of variegated marble, and there left him.

Through a disarranged fold in the silk, Miles Perry could catch a glimpse of the splendors of the two rooms beyond. The middle one was tenanted only by the grand piano and half a dozen blue silk chairs; but in the front apartment, where Axminster carpets, and buhl, and gilding glittered under a full-lighted chandelier, sat the fair Antonia, in a dress of lemon-colored crape trimmed with rich black lace, and topaz ornaments swinging, like miniature suns, from her ears. And close beside her on the sofa sat a bald, elderly gentleman, with diamond studs flashing in his linen, and a double chin.

Miles could see the blue-ribboned lass advance to her mistress and deliver some message. The bald-headed gentleman rose, and took a gold-knobbed cane from the corner, as if to depart.

"If you have other company—" he began rather testily, but Antonia laid her little white hand caressingly on his sleeve.

"Don't go!" she cooed. "Dear Nicholas, whose company could I possibly prefer to yours? It's only that country boy I told you about yesterday, you know."

"The one that had the audacity to fall in love with you, out in the wildernesses?" chuckled the old gentleman.

"Exactly. To think of his having followed me *here!* but these rustics have neither sense nor discrimination."

"I'll go and send him away," said Mr. Nicholas Goldbeater promptly.

But when he got to the library it was empty. Miles Perry had not waited for a more formal dismissal.

He walked homeward, feeling as if a fountain of fiery indignation were boiling in his heart. So the fair Antonia Archer, for whose sake he had offended his father, grieved his mother, and proved tacitly false to poor Fanny Clifford, who taught the district school, had forgotten him already, save as a theme of mirth between herself and her elderly lover. Well, it served him right. He might have expected it.

When he reached his garret, a crumpled note lay thrust half way under the door. He read it by the sickly gas-light in the hall.

"Messrs. Scratch & Staylace's compliments, and they regret that they have no further occasion for the valuable services of Mr. M. Perry."

Miles sat down, resting his aching head upon his hands. The garret roof, on which the sun had beat relentlessly all day, was like a reservoir of dull heat. The sickly smells from the halls below brooded like a vapor in the unventilated apartment, and the one narrow window when it was opened admitted only the unsavory fumes of a neighboring bone-boiling factory. Miles thought of the dewy clover fields at home, over which the moon was now just beginning to rise.

"If mother was only here to put some camphor on my head," he thought. "I wonder if I am going to be sick."

* * * * *

The robin's nest in the old cherry-tree was deserted; the leaves of the snowball bush had turned to crimson and maroon, and the garden path was carpeted with layers of fallen foliage, brown and yellow, and jewel-red. And Miles Perry, sitting up in the great calico-covered easy-chair, by a crackling fire of logs, was eating a bowl of gruel that Fanny Clifford's brown fingers had prepared.

"It's a long time I've been sick, Fanny, eh?"

"A long time, Miles. There is your mother coming up the garden. I must go now."

"But, Fanny—"

"Yes, Miles?"

"Don't tie on your hood just now, Fanny. I want tell you something. I want to ask you to marry me, Fanny. I know I've behaved like a brute, but I think I have had a sufficient lesson now. One thing I am certain of: I never should have recovered from this fever without your care and kindness. Won't you be my wife, Fanny?"

And when Mrs. Perry came in, bringing the scent of wild grapes and autumn leaves with her, she knew at a glance what had happened.

"Mother!" whispered Fanny, in a soft, appealing tone, and Mrs. Perry clasped her in her arms.

"I'm so glad," said Mrs. Perry.

"So am I, mother," said Miles contentedly.

And Antonia Archer was forgotten.

ONLY A FLIRTATION.

BY ANNA SHEILDS.

It was only a flirtation, Florence Graham told herself and her friends; and everybody flirted at Newport. Leon Delamere was handsome, and what made her conquest still more glorious, he was more than talented—he was a genius. It was quite a victory to have him her slave for a season; but as for anything more serious, it was simply folly to talk of that.

Aunt Mira, the deceased Mr. Graham's maiden sister, who had absurdly romantic ideas on the subject of love and matrimony, sat knotting the fringe of a zephyr tidy, in the pleasant sitting-room she shared with her niece, now and then looking out upon the gay groups of pleasure seekers, and her face clouded as she watched one couple walking slowly to and fro.

"It is cruel! it is cruel!" she said, in a low, sad tone. "Does Florence realize what she is doing? That is a man to whom disappointment will be death or madness; and she is playing—playing! and for a toy a noble, pure heart!"

The busy white fingers knotted the scarlet wool in and out with nervous rapidity, and while Aunt Mira worked and pondered, Florence walked up and down, her little white hand resting lightly upon Leon Delamere's arm.

She was not a merely pretty girl, such as there were by dozens all around her. She was beautiful by right of her face, figure, and above all, her expression, changeful and varied as the face of only a woman of brain and intellect can be.

Her father had been proud of a mind almost masculine in its scope and vigor, and had had Florence educated as few women are. She had no especial talent, but she conquered music, languages and the higher branches of English literature with surprising facility, and men whose commendations were the highest compliment lingered with the young girl, wondering at the power of her vivid language, and the depth of reading in one so beautiful and young.

Without the power of transferring her ideas to paper, she could clothe them in such glowing language, could so vivify them that it was hard to believe she was not herself a poetess. Leon Delamere, dreamy, poetic and imaginative, would listen to a voice musical and low-toned, carrying him still further into the realms of imagery and soul life, till his heart lay in worshipping love, and he seemed only to live in the presence of Florence Graham.

Those who looked upon the young poet as one of the rising stars of literature, thought he had never written as he wrote during the summer months at Newport, when Florence Graham met him and drew his heart to her feet. In every poem his love, warm, true and hopeful, inspired the lines of soul poetry; his imagination, elevated and intensified by the sympathy given to its wildest flights, grew bolder and more daring, while yet there was the golden vein of truth to nature, and the keen artist sense that could not be ludicrous.

Walking up and down in the cool afternoon breeze, Leon was laying before Florence the pen of his book, his first long poem. She, looking into his large, soul-lit eyes, her own kindling with admiration for his genius, gave him the sympathy he craved, making valuable suggestions, giving him words of encouragement and praise, with just the tiny spice of criticism that keeps the mental power ever on the alert.

It was wonderful to see how skillfully the girl kept him from the actual declaration of love he resolved to make each time that he sought her presence. She understood exactly how to manage his literary taste and ambition, how to turn the conversation at all dangerous points back to a poem, a scene, an incident, and when these failed, had ever an excuse for shortening the interview.

"He is so handsome and so enthusiastic," she would say to herself, "that I cannot lose him yet. Of course, before we leave Newport we must come to an understanding; but there is time enough. Let me be his inspiration, as he says, for a few weeks longer. By the way, I must warn him that his last sonnet was rather too personal. I should scarcely care to have Mr. Talbert read it. Though, for that matter, his head is so thick he would probably not understand it."

This was when the summer days were waning, and Newport belles were talking of fall fashions, and counting up the ruined dresses and conquests of the summer campaign. It was while she dressed for one of the last hops of the season, that Florence thought of how very hard it had been in their last interview to keep Leon off forbidden ground. As her maid twisted a wreath of exquisite blush roses in the short natural curls that scorned chignon or frizette, and Florence added a necklace of pearls to her costly attire, the beauty of the reflection in the mirror struck the young belle herself with some new power that was a little removed from vanity. She wore a dress of white lace, over a silk the color of the heart of a blush rose. The delicate fabric was looped with clusters of flowers, like her wreath; and for jewels, only soft pearls clasped wrists and throat, and hung from the dainty little ears.

The maid withdrew, and still Florence stood looking at her own fair face, while a shade crept over it as she mused.

"Life would be very sweet," she was thinking, "with one heart that was true and tender all, all my own. To be in a dream of poetry, to feel that the power lay with me to give the world a poet rich and rare, would be a grand delight. If my hand cannot trace out all the images that throng my brain, Leon has the gift I lack, and even his own genius will be heightened by my sympathy and counsel. He loves me. I scarcely dare to think how much he loves me. Pshaw! what am I dreaming about?"

"A letter, Miss Graham."

This roused her, and she took the letter from her maid and broke the seal. As she read it a frown gathered on her smooth white brow, and an impatient tap of her foot proved how much she was irritated by her news.

"What a nuisance!" she said impatiently, opening a jewel case, and taking out a costly diamond ring. "Cannot remain away from me an hour longer! Bah! He is old enough to learn a little self-denial. But—he has a million! What superb toilets the wife of a millionaire can wear! I must get rid of Leon to-night, for he will come to-morrow."

Some hours later, upon one of the vine-covered porches, a couple, bathed in the soft moonlight, talked in low, earnest tones. One tall, slight and graceful, with broad white brow, and large dark eyes—a man with the impress of genius upon his sensitive, beautiful face—leaned over a slender figure in white lace, with gleaming pearls and blush roses. From a distance the music of a band came, subdued and softened, floating toward them in strains of sweet melody. There was poetry in the hour, the scene, the sounds. There was poetry in the words of the deep, modulated voice in which Leon Delamere told at last the story of his love. One fierce pang did shoot across the heart of Florence Graham as she said, in a sweet, gentle voice:

"But, Mr. Delamere, you are surely laboring under some delusion."

"Delusion! Is it a delusion to know that I love you with every throb of my heart, every thought of my brain, every impulse of my soul?"

"We all know you are a poet," she said very sweetly, "and poets live an ideal life, peopled with the sweet fancies of their own creation. Yet sometimes it is cruel to tell the tale so bewitchingly. You must guard that entrancing tongue, Mr. Delamere, or you may break some young heart. Fortunately for my own peace, I understood that we were only indulging in a flirtation. My share has been very pleasant, but it must end, for to-morrow my fiancé comes to claim my attention."

There was a moment of utter silence. In the moonlight, the rigid face of Leon Delamere looked corpse-like, as his dilated eyes riveted themselves upon Florence Graham's face. Twice he gasped, as if for actual breath, but no words passed his white lips.

"It is getting chilly," Florence said, with a nervous little laugh. "Will you give me your arm to the ball-room?"

But even the instinct of courtesy had deserted the man, for he neither spoke nor stirred. Still as a statue she left him, sweeping her draperies past him, as she again sought the ball-room alone.

The next day he was gone, and Florence breathed a sigh of relief. Mr. Talbert came on the early boat, and it might have been awkward if Leon had remained.

There was no diminution of the reigning belle's charms when her engagement was formally announced, and her elderly lover made public his devotion. The future hostess of the millionaire's probable palace was a being to be courted by the votaries of fashion, and Florence had little time for memories in the weeks preceding her brilliant wedding. She was a woman whose brain and mind had utterly absorbed her heart, and the preparations for her *trousseau* entirely drove Leon Delamere from her thoughts. He was the hero of a summer flirtation; that was all. That he was a man whose noblest feelings she had made her sport, a man whose heart she had crushed, a man whose purest hopes she had doomed to cruel disappointment, she never stopped to think. He had been a congenial companion, an ardent lover, a pleasant conquest.

The years rolled away until the flirtation at Newport was three years past, and Mrs. Talbert had really forgotten the trifling little episode of breaking a man's heart. She was a queen of fashion, for her husband by a series of fortunate speculations had quadrupled his wealth, and his beautiful, dashing wife had no whim ungratified, no wish too extravagant to be humored. Her balls, her jewels, her equipages made ever new sensations, and she was happy, as only the thoroughly heartless can be, in the display of her wealth, and the round of fashionable gayety. That her husband was a man of no intellectual power, a mere money maker, who liked to see his wealth advertised by his beautiful young wife, never troubled her. That no baby voice called her mother, gave her not one pang. She was brilliant, courted, flattered and happy.

Aunt Mira was at Newport again with her niece, Mr. Talbert being absorbed in his business, and as she knitted silently, a group of ladies discussed a piece of news sent by letter to one of their number. They were all giving voice to their opinions, when Florence sauntered in.

"Oh, Mrs. Talbert, you will remember Leon Delamere," one said.

"The handsome poet," she answered carelessly; "what has he done to distinguish himself? Written a poem, I hope. It is a long time since I read anything from his pen."

"Then you have not heard?" two or three cried in chorus.

"I have not heard his name for years."

Aunt Mira spoke then, and there was a solemn emphasis in her voice.

"Leon Delamere has committed suicide in a fit of delirium tremens."

"Oh, how shocking!" Florence said. "I did not know he drank."

"Oh, yes," the lady holding the letter said. "My husband has known him from a boy. He considered him one of our most promising writers, but about three years ago he began to drink. The man's whole nature seemed changed; he gave up his writing, and sank very gradually to the level of drunkenness. This is the end."

The buzz of comment rose once more, but the gay group dispersed after a time, leaving only Aunt Mira with Florence.

"Mercy!" said Florence, with a little shudder, "it was lucky I only flirted with Leon Delamere! I never imagined he would degrade himself in this way."

"Lucky!" Aunt Mira said. "Was it lucky, Florence, that by your beauty, your talent, your heartless flirtation, you turned this man from the career he might have made glorious and noble, to despair and suicide? I tell you that his degradation, his course of ruin, his death, all hang upon the hours that to him were a crisis of life, but to you, were ONLY A FLIRTATION."

AN IDYL OF THE BIRDS.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE

Wild wings in the furrowed fallows,
Wild wings in the waning woods,
And a flutter of russet red and gold
Where the branching roof-tree broods.
I watch from dawn till twilight
The sweet birds come and go,
In an airy tumult of music and color,
For ever to and fro.

Through what invisible portals,
Under what cool green eaves,
Rocked to a sylvan lullaby
Of murmuring winds and leaves,
Do they come, with the rose and purple
Of the day that is just begun,
Crowding the aerial highways
In the golden track of the sun?

The restless sparrows flutter
From breezy limb to limb,
The oriole darts like a lance of flame,
The swallows dip and skim;
And a myriad happy winged things
That are nameless cleave the blue,
Or, poised on the broad-leaved altheas, drink
Their morning draught of dew.

But where, when, the bright days ended,
The winter draweth near,
And the diapason of wild winds chant
The Death Song of the year—
Where are the sweet birds gathered,
The jubilant multitudes
That throng, at the summer carnival,
The glorified fields and woods?

Where have the wild wings vanished,
That are gone from the sweet home nest,
And are folded for ever and ever,
From winter and flight at rest?
For never, on hill or moorland,
By forest or singing waves,
Have I found the beautiful spot where God
Keepeth their little graves!

Know they of some green Valhalla,
Some flowery Necropolis,
Where they pass to a world of sunshine,
When they fly from the storms of this?
For yonder, across the woodland's rim,
I—watching a wingèd crowd—
Saw a sudden flash, as of opening doors,
Through which a glory of sunset pours—
Heard a rushing music—and lo! my birds
Caught up in a golden cloud!

KATE ARLINGTON;

OR,

The Buccaneer's Bridal.

A STORY OF SHIP AND SHORE.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BOSOM-FRIEND!

And this was what Kate Arlington saw: A wooden scaffold had been erected in the garden, between the window and the orange-grove; and upon the sides thereof stood negroes holding lighted torches of pitch-wood; and the glare of the lurid flames fell upon the scene in the centre of the platform, where the horrible tableau was set. There was Thomas Gaston, with his arms bound behind him, forced down upon his knees, and it could be seen that his knees were also bound. His head was bare and bent, and his kerchief had been taken from his neck, and the collar of his shirt thrown back.

So knelt Thomas Gaston, and by his side, like a grim afrite of Tartarean birth, loomed the gigantic form of the Ashantee, grasping in his right hand a bright broad-bladed cutlass, while with the left he clutched the hair of Gaston's head. A demoniac scowl was upon the giant's face, and he was prepared to do work for which he was well fitted.

Kate gazed until she grew sick at heart, and then, with a gasping groan, she turned her gaze away from the horrible scene.

"What think you, lady?" asked the pirate chief.

Kate looked up into his hard, malignant face, and she knew that his heart was equal to the work thus shadowed forth.

"Miss Arlington," Dixon continued, "this is my final resort. Speak the word that I would have you speak, and Thomas Gaston goes free. Refuse, and he dies where he now kneels! Moses will strike when I give the signal!"

With a mighty effort the fair captive put back the emotion that had come near choking her, and with far more control of herself than might have been expected, she spoke. She seemed to realize that it was no time for delay. Everything around her—the scene in the garden, the malignant front of the pirate, and the complete preparation for the nuptials,—told her that the doom was sealed. Escape from the event was evidently impossible, and procrastination might be fatal to the man whom, in that hour, she would have saved rather than saved herself.

"Barker Dixon," she said, looking him directly in the face, "if I submit to the ceremony for which you have here prepared will you set Thomas Gaston free, and allow him to go his own way?"

"[illegible] you are my wife," replied the chief, [illegible] deliberate and careful emphasis, "I will [illegible] Thomas Gaston free."

"[illegible]," urged Kate, with energy, "you have [illegible] a disadvantage, and must not blame [illegible] am particular in this matter. Will you [illegible] to me—swear before God, and in the presence of these witnesses—that when I have [illegible] my share in these marital ceremonies—that when I have spoken all that the priest would have me speak—you will set Thomas Gaston free, and that thenceforth you will do him no harm?"

"I swear it!" responded Dixon, promptly. But he quickly added,—"I reserve, however, that Thomas Gaston shall not seek to disturb me [illegible] the possession of my wife."

"It is well," said Kate. "I do this to save one who, I am sure, would gladly give his life to save me. I am ready. There need be no more delay."

Dixon turned to the priest, and nodded to him that he should proceed forthwith.

From one of the candles Father Riego lighted the incense in the censer, and then he called to the boy with the book. His preliminary forms were peculiar, and not without impressiveness.

According to the form adopted the twain were caused to kneel, holding each other by the hand. Dixon took Kate's hand, and knelt with her upon a cushion which Hagar had provided. Then Jack Thorp took position by the side of the groom, while Leah stood by the side of the bride.

At this juncture, and before the priest could proceed further, one of the negroes came in with the information that there was disturbance on board the brig. Mark Rowland hastened out, and soon returned with the proposition that some of the men were probably drunk. There seemed to be singing and dancing on board—that was all.

The priest, caring little for the cause of the interruption, had gone on with his manipulations, and now came to the questions upon the responses to which the prime tie of the marriage was to rest.

He asked Barker Dixon, in a horrible jumble of Spanish and English, if he freely took the woman kneeling by his side for his wife.

The pirate's answer was affirmative and prompt.

Then the same question was put to Kate.

She hesitated, and trembled.

"If I am to be a wife," she said, "I must be a lawful wife."

"This ceremony is legal," answered Dixon, hurriedly and impatiently.

"Then," answered the fair one, "so far as your law can make it a true and binding marriage, I consent."

"Enough!" nodded the pirate to the priest.

And the latter, satisfied with the answers, proceeded with the ceremonies until they were complete.

Then Dixon turned to his second lieutenant and said,—

"Rowland, you will take charge of Doctor Gaston, and convey him at once on board the brig. He is free henceforth to go and come as he pleases, so long as he comes not to this house."

The signal had already been given which had caused Moses to take his victim down from the scaffold, and without delay Rowland passed into the garden by way of the casement, and took charge of the doctor as he had been directed; and, as he was anxious to return and join in the marriage feast, he made haste to lead his charge down to the boat.

Meantime Moses entered the drawing-room to see if his master had further orders for him; but he stood back when he found Dixon conversing with his new-made bride.

Kate stood with her hands folded before her, and her head bent, while Dixon was trying to assure her that if she would behave as she ought, and yield the willing obedience of a wife, she should be a very queen in the realm she was destined to adorn. He had spoken thus, and was awaiting her response, when a loud racket arose without, and directly Mark Rowland, flushed and quivering, burst into the room.

"Captain, we are betrayed!" he gasped forth, seizing the back of a chair for support.

"How betrayed?" demanded the chief, starting like a tiger from his lair.

"Strange men, and armed, fill the bay. They have captured the brig, and are now landing from their boats!"

"Mark, do you dream?" cried Dixon, catching his mate quickly by the arm, and shaking him.

"No, Captain. It is as I have said. Luke Gunbar must have made his way outside, and fallen in with some cruiser lying in wait for us; and he has piloted their boats into our bay."

A terrible oath dropped from the chieftain's lips as he stamped his foot upon the floor.

"It must be so," he said. "It may be a Spaniard, and it may be a Yankee. If it is the latter, it probably came from Boston, and—"

He did not finish the sentence, for the thought he would have spoken brought another thought to his mind. A single instant he hesitated, and then, with a fierce gleaming of the flaming eyes, he turned to the Ashantee.

"Moses," he said, "take this girl—my wife—to the Coral Cave. Hold her fast for your life, for your own safety, as well as mine, may depend upon it. If you get word that harm has come to me, kill her on the instant. Do you understand?"

"I understand, sir," answered the afrite, promptly. All his life had been passed amid scenes of danger, and the significance of emergencies like the present was easily grasped by him.

"Then take her, and make haste. Go by the way of the garden, and by the lime-trees. Deliver your charge only to my order. If another offers to take her, put your knife to her heart!—Will you do this?"

"I will!"

"Then go, and lose not the present opportunity."

Then to Hagar he said,—

"Haste you, Hagar, and hide where you can watch what is done to me. Call others of your women, and bid them do the same. If you see me taken captive, or harmed in body, fly to the cave, and give Moses the signal to strike. Will you be true?"

"True as death!" responded the beldam, solemnly.

"And thus," added the pirate, "I may hold the key to safety after all.—Ha!"

It was a loud shouting from the lawn in front of the house which had arrested his speech, and hastily giving a final charge to Hagar he strode toward the hall. He was firmly impressed with the belief that the invading force came under the lead of Reuben Arlington, and if such were the case he surely held a wondrous balance of power still in his hands. The cave to which he had consigned his captive could not be found by a stranger, and he knew that he could trust his very life in the faith of the Ashantee.

According as he had been commanded, the gigantic black seized Kate as an ordinary man would seize a child, and lifted her from the floor, and bore her out through the open window into the garden.

On her part Kate offered no resistance, nor did she even cry out for help.

Moses may have thought that terror had paralyzed her, and as he knew that he bore his master's bride, he was careful not to use unnecessary violence. If she did not give him the trouble of resistance, he could do no less than bear her easily.

The Ashantee passed out from the garden by a small gate in the side wall, and quickly thereafter struck into a path completely sheltered by limes. He had taken no lantern, but the night was clear, and he had no difficulty in speeding rapidly along a way with every foot of which he was familiar. By the time they had turned the brow of the eminence beyond the limes the din of voices arose loudly upon the night air, and it was evident that the invaders had reached the stone house.

Presently the giant stopped and changed his burden from side to side, and as he did so he bent his ear to listen to the distant voices.

"Ha! Yankees!" he uttered, as a few of the loudly spoken words were easily distinguished.

Had he turned his attention in another direction he might have noticed that the ear of his charge was bent as attentively as was his own, and that the fair white face gave token of anything but inanition; but he did not notice. He thought her weak and limp, and as he was in a hurry, he bore her on without question. Considering his immense strength, it was by far the most speedy way to make the passage.

Upon the north-west point of the island, where the ragged aspect of the rock gave token of former volcanic upheaval, and at a point where a tangled mass of vines and wild-wood intertwined with the calcareous debris, the giant stopped and lowered his burden to the ground.

"Can you stand?" he asked, with his hand upon her shoulder as though to steady her if she tottered.

"I think I can," she answered.

And thereupon he took his hand away.

"What place is this?" Kate asked, looking around. "Where are we?"

"Don't you know what has happened, lady?" The black's language was very good, but mixed with mongrel Spanish.

"I know there has been trouble at the castle."

"Yes," said Moses, "and danger, too. You are here to be safe."

"Why safe here?"

"There are enemies at the castle, and close by here is a cave where we can hide—a cave which no man can find who don't know it. Come,—I will lead you to it."

"Wait a moment. Let me think."

In the darkness the black did not see the eager workings of the captive's face, nor did he mark how the right hand crept up toward the folds upon the bosom of the silken robe.

"We have no time to wait, lady. We must hide."

"But tell me," persisted Kate, without moving from her position, "did I not see you upon the scaffold, in the garden, standing by the side of the American doctor?"

"I was there," answered Moses; and there was a chuckle in his tone, as though he enjoyed the recollection.

"And would you have killed the doctor had I refused to become the pirate's wife?"

"If the captain had given me the signal I should have cut off the doctor's head with a good relish."

"You have killed men before now at Dixon's command?"

"Yes. It is my business."

"And you would kill me if you had orders so to do?"

"I should kill you very quickly, lady; so you had better mind and not make a mistake."

Kate had folded her arms upon her bosom, and her right hand was thrust beneath her dress.

"Wretch!" she cried, looking up through the gloom upon his ugly, demoniac face, "do you know the law? Do you know that a just God has put it in the hand of a weak servant to rid the earth of so vile and heinous a character? Do you know that your race is run?—that in accepting the office of my murderer you came to your own death? Has such a thing entered your foul and bloodthirsty mind?"

The afrite laughed outright. To him there seemed something excessively ludicrous in this outburst from a weak girl.

But instantly his laugh died out in another sound. With a quick movement the captive drew her hand from her bosom, and stretched it upward. There was a flash, and a report, and the giant staggered back, and presently fell over upon the rocks behind him. Kate drew back the second hammer of her pistol; but its service was not required. The bullet already sped had found lodgment in the monster's brain!

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUSION.

We may go back at this point and give in explanation the substance of the story which Luke Gunbar had already given to the doctor.

When Luke, on the previous night, had left the skiff and taken to the water, he had done so with no thought of self-destruction. What his ulterior intentions were he had kept from his companions in order that they might have no occasion to prevaricate to the pirates on his account. He had bethought him that if he were captured by Dixon his fate would be death, while he anticipated no such fate for the others. But, beyond this, he had hopes of striking a continuous ridge of coral, and thus making his way overland to the sea. And in this he had been successful. He had also hoped that he might be able to signal some friendly sail; and in this latter respect his success had been little less than miraculous.

When Luke reached the shore of the sea the day had already dawned, and he discovered two heavy ships in the offing. After repeated efforts he succeeded in attracting the attention of a look-out, and a boat was sent to him; and this boat proved to be a cutter of the American frigate *Constitution*, under command of Commodore Charles Morris, which had sailed from Boston in quest of the pirate, with Reuben Arlington on board. And the second ship proved to be a Spanish frigate, which had come out from Havana upon the same errand. The corvette *Guardia* had made her way to port, and the survivors of her crew had told their story, and hence this expedition. The Spanish commander had gained a clue to the course of the pinnace which had brought Father Riego from San Domingo, and had been thus attracted toward the Green Island Pass. The two frigates had fallen in with one another on the previous day, and upon comparing notes, and finding their missions identical, they had remained within signalling distance.

It was near the middle of the afternoon when Luke found himself upon the deck of the old Ironsides, and his story was quickly told. The Spaniard sent a boat along side in answer to a signal from Morris, and it was arranged that the attack upon the pirates should be made in boats, the crews of both vessels participating, and Luke promised to pilot them safely on their way. It was very near dark when the force reached the entrance to the pass, and their pilot stationed himself in the bows of the foremost boat, and gave directions for steering.

And Luke Gunbar felt no traitor's blush as he thus led the armed host against his late comrades. The deed of separation had been accomplished, and their hands had been pledged to the death against him; and he now went, not to betray, but to save those whom he had reason to honor and to love.

* * * * * * *

When the pirate chief, coming from the bridal chamber, reached the main hall of the building, he found his retainers crowding in from the court, foremost among whom was his first lieutenant, who appeared flushed and panic-stricken.

"Jack, what is the outlook?" demanded Dixon.

"As bad as it can be," replied Thorp. "We are surrounded on every hand."

"A superior enemy in possession of our bay is surrounding enough. Is such the case?"

"It is, captain. The brig has been taken, and full two hundred man-of-war's-men have landed."

"Man-of-war's-men?"

"Yes."

"Of what nation?"

"Yankee and Spanish. The frigate Constitution is outside, and Commodore Morris by this time at our door."

A big oath dropped from the chieftain's lips at the sound of this name.

"Will you defend the castle?" asked Thorp.

"First tell me whether Reuben Arlington is here?"

"Yes."

"And of course Luke Gunbar piloted them in?"

"He did."

Another horrid oath, and then the chieftain said,—

"Against such a force, with more than half my men already in irons on board the brig, we could only fight to die. Let Arlington come. I have a hold upon him."

Hardly had the words been spoken when the head of the invading column entered the court, and a voice demanded to know if those within the house would surrender.

Dixon himself went to the door, and asked who demanded his surrender.

"I, Captain Charles Morris, in the name of the United States, demand it!" replied the applicant.

"Is Reuben Arlington, of Boston, with you?"

"He is."

Dixon turned and spoke with his lieutenant, and it was quickly decided that surrender was the only alternative.

And in this it will be borne in mind that the pirate chief had not been careless in thus allowing himself to be cornered. Upon the moment when the enemy had gained the bay the fate of the pirates had been sealed. To be sure, Dixon might, upon the first alarm, have fled by the way of the garden, and gained the cave to which he had consigned his captive; but that could not have availed him long. He would not only thus have exhibited a cowardly spirit to his comrades, but eventual arrest would have been sure, since the man who had guided the enemy to the bay could have as easily guided them to the cave. No,—he had comprehended the situation in the outset, and had taken the only precaution for self-preservation that offered itself.

"Captain," he said, "if we surrender, we shall not be treated with indignity?"

"American officers are not in the habit of treating voluntary prisoners with any indignity," was the Commodore's sensible response.

"Then, sir, we surrender."

And thus speaking the pirate chief retreated to the large banquet hall, where, besides himself, were his lieutenants Sharp and Rowland, Grant Gurney the gunner, and ten of his men. All others of the brig's crew had either been captured on board their vessel, or had been taken on shore outside the house.

In a very few moments the American officers entered, and with them came Mr. Arlington; and with them, also, came three of the officers of the Spanish frigate; and behind, filling the outer hall and the vestibule, came the men of both nations, glad of the opportunity of thus uniting in the destruction of a common enemy.

"Are you Barker Dixon?" demanded Morris, stopping near the centre of the room.

The buccaneer bowed, and replied in the affirmative.

"Then," said the Commodore, "I arrest you as a pirate and an outlaw!"

"One moment," interposed Dixon, with a wave of the hand. "May I speak with Reuben Arlington, whom I see here present with you?"

"You have permission," nodded the Commodore.

"Villain! Scoundrel!" cried the old merchant, casting upon the outlaw a flashing glance of indignation, "what have you to say to me?"

"Easy, my friend!" returned Dixon, with a look in which were signs of savage exultation. "I think you have some love still left for your daughter?"

"And what of my daughter?"

"She is in my power, Reuben Arlington, and upon the first show of forcible restraint offered to me, the knife of a man who knows no mercy will enter her heart! I have thus provided for my own safety. No power of yours can suspend the event. No human cunning can outflank me in this. Your child has been taken in hand by a slave who knows no law but my will. Beyond your reach, also, is one who can oversee what is transpiring here. Place an iron upon my limbs, or do an overt act that makes me a prisoner, and swift as thought goes the signal which deals death, sure and quick, to your fair daughter!"

"Monster!" exclaimed the merchant, quivering from head to foot, "Gaston has told me—"

Before Arlington could finish the sentence those who stood near the door were jostled aside, and the pirate's bride—the captive who had been given in charge to the Ashantee—entered the room. The moment he beheld the fair intruder Dixon uttered a fierce oath and sprang forward.

"Hold!" cried the released captive, presenting a pistol. "One bullet I have sent through the head of your murderous Ashantee, and another I have for you if you want it!—Gentlemen,"—to those who had gathered before the astounded chief, "if you would save trouble, secure that man, and bind him fast. His plot for vengeance upon me is blown to the winds!"

The buccaneer sought to snatch a pistol from his sword-belt, but his arm was knocked down, and men used to the work quickly secured and bound him. His followers yielded without a struggle.

And yet the fire of triumph gleamed afresh in the pirate's eye.

"Reuben Arlington," he cried, when the bonds had been placed upon him, "before God and man, that woman is my lawfully wedded wife!—Aye,—and there stands one of your own brood who was witness to the ceremony, and who will not deny, if the truth is in him, that a regularly canonized priest united us, and that the woman gave full and free acceptance of the holy bonds!"

Dixon alluded thus to Tom Gaston, who had met the returning captive in the court, and had followed him into the banquet hall.

"Whom do you claim for your wife?" demanded the merchant.

"I claim that woman—your daughter—she that was Kate Arlington before she became my wife. If she dares to renounce her allegiance now—if she thinks to bestow her love upon another—the taint of this bridal shall cling to her while she lives! She cannot cast it off—she cannot live it down. She has been my captive these many weeks, and must bear my name and my fame to all coming time!"

And when Barker Dixon looked to see his victim shrink and wither beneath his bitter sentence, he was answered by a peal of laughter that fell upon his ears like a roar of thunder from a clear sky.

Dear reader,—your pardon! We have presented the scenes and the characters exactly as they appeared in the drama. If there has been deception, we are not responsible. We have given the events as they transpired, leaving them to work out their own solution. And the solution is at hand. We may know now why our Kate Arlington has done so many unwomanly things, and shown so little of womanly fear.—

While yet that laugh rang through the room the robe of crimson silk was cast off, and the pirate's bride stood forth clad in a neat and jaunty sailor's garb, which old Friday had been persuaded to secure for the captive while on board the brig; and in place of the merchant's daughter stood a fair-faced, curly-haired, boyish youth, looking marvelously like the true Kate, but far better fitted to endure the ordeal of the past few weeks than she could have been.

"Barker Dixon," spoke the transformed captive, as soon as the female dress had been cast aside, "if you can bear the brunt of this defeat and humiliation, I can bear the taint and the shame! Poor man! how much energy you have wasted. You have been paying court all this time to Orville Arlington, not to Kate,—to the brother, and not to the sister. I am that good man's son, not his daughter!"

The pirate was for a brief space incredulous; but the truth was so apparent that it finally broke upon him, and his amazement was only equalled by his intense and bitter humiliation. In that moment his captivity, with certain death staring him in the face, was as nothing compared with this other blow. He struggled with the inward throbbings until his great strength was well-nigh exhausted, and then he drew back and suffered his head to droop. But presently he looked up again, and the blank wonder upon his face was quickened by an expression of curiosity. He was human, and even in his great strait he would know how this thing had come to pass.

"If you are Orville Arlington," he said, "will you tell me why I found you in your sister's place, and why you have worn your sister's character since?"

The youth hesitated, and looked around upon his friends as though he would know their will.

"My dear boy," cried the happy father, grasping him by the hand, "I have heard a part of the story from Kate; but I am at a loss to understand how you have so long sustained the deception."

"Let us have it," urged the Commodore. "I confess that I am curious."

"And so am I curious," added Gaston; "for as yet I am all in the dark. I can make neither head nor tail of it."

"Well," said Orville, after a little reflection, "I will tell you all about it. Do you remember, Tom, on that last night at my father's house, that Kate and I, with two companions, came to you in high glee, and that we offered to leave to your decision a matter of dispute which had arisen between us, and that our progress was stopped by Kate's sudden interference? Do you remember?"

"Yes,—I remember," said Tom.

"Gentlemen," pursued Orville, turning to the American officers, "you must know that my sister Kate and I are twins, and that—"

With a smile Commodore Morris interrupted,—

"You must remember that your sister is at present on board our frigate. When I first saw you enter this room I could have sworn that I beheld Kate Arlington."

And the other officers nodded approval.

"Then so much you understand," went on the youth. "On the evening to which I have alluded, while the doctor was absent from our group, our conversation turned upon the wonderful likeness between my sister and myself, and what made the likeness more exact was the fact that we wore our hair very nearly alike. I confess to a weak vanity in this respect. My curls were soft and silken, and I wore them floating over my shoulders. I took a childish, or, if you please, womanish pride in them. Well,—the conversation so turned, and the various points of resemblance discussed, one of the party ventured the assertion that if I were to dress up in my sister's clothes even Doctor Tom might be deceived. Kate did not believe it. Then I, in a spirit of fun, dared her to lend her aid to the test.—This it was, Tom, which made us merry when we approached you, for we had brought Kate to our purpose. You remember how Kate appointed to walk with you in the garden. Even then she would have backed out, but we held her to the contract. We went together to Kate's room, where I robed myself in one of her dresses, and assumed her ornaments; and when the metamorphosis was complete, and I viewed myself in the mirror, I did not wonder that our companions were surprised.

"And when Kate saw how exact the resemblance was, she acknowledged that her lover might be deceived. 'But,' said she, 'you can never sustain the character. You will betray yourself in the outset.' I asked her how. She said my voice would expose me. But I quickly convinced her that I could tone my voice almost into accord with her own. Then she said that my love of fun would lead me to overdo the matter; and in answer to that I swore that I could sustain the character for a year if need be; and finally I wagered my reputation for honor and veracity that I would so sustain the character I had assumed that Tom should not discover the cheat until he learned it from another than myself.

"So, Tom, it was I you met that night in the hall; and with me you walked in the garden; and it was I whom Barker Dixon seized and bore away, thinking he had secured a golden prize. If you ask me why I kept up the deception after that, I could give many reasons. In the first place, I had no opportunity to speak until I had been fairly borne away. And then, when I knew that the pirate's aim had been to secure my sweet sister, I feared, if he knew the truth, he might hold me, and go back after the true prize. When we had set sail what could confession have availed me? I found that Dixon was inclined to treat me respectfully, at least during the term of my probation, and when he had ventilated his scheme I resolved to hold on, and trust to luck. I knew that between the pair of us—you and myself, Tom—we could make such friends that the pirate captain could not wreak great vengeance upon us when the imposition should be discovered. And, furthermore, I am free to confess that through all the trials and threatenings the pledge of honor I gave to Kate, that I would not of my own accord expose myself, has had a guiding influence upon me.

"Dear old Tom, I have believed from the first that it would all come out right. Even in this last great strait I have not lost faith in the final event. I was horrified when I saw you upon the scaffold, but I knew you were not in immediate danger. And, again, I knew that Luke was not drowned. I saw him swimming beyond a coral ridge; and I fancied then that I knew his intent. God bless him! how I prayed that his devotion might be crowned with success!

"And now tell me, Tom, have you never discovered, while I wore my sister's garb, my unwomanly traits?"

"You remember," replied the doctor, "that once, in the boat, I thought your senses were leaving you. I can now call to mind many things; but a glimmer of such a truth never broke upon me. You must bear in mind, however, that we have been very little together; and that when we have met, it has been under circumstances which have utterly precluded calm reflection."

"Fool! Idiot!" muttered the pirate chief, at this juncture, gnashing his teeth in his impotent wrath. "I might have known if I had thought. If a clue had been given me I should have found the tangle. I was worse than a fool not to detect that no true maiden could have been so diabolically cool and clear-headed as you have been!"

"Then," said Orville, with a glowing look, "I think humanity at large will have reason to bless the fate which put me in my sister's place. In your blind effort at revenge upon my father, and in your greed of my sister's hand and wealth, you have lost your ship; you have lost your crew; you have lost your proud eminence of wickedness; and, if I am not greatly deceived, you will cap the climax in losing your head!"

Thus speaking Orville gave one hand to his father, and the other he gave to Tom, and together they passed out from the crowded room.

Concerning the fate of the pirates we have only to add that Morris gave them up to the Spaniard. Two officers of the *Guardia* corvette were present, who recognized and swore to the identity of their enemies, and as the only clear case of piracy at hand against them was this, and as they had been captured very near to Spanish waters, the American commodore deemed that Spain had the best right to mete out punishment, as she would possess the most ready means of conviction. And one other thing Morris knew: he knew that retribution upon the buccaneers in Havana would be swift and sure.

The woman Hagar was to be taken with her companions. For Leah Orville would have interceded, but she preferred to go with her mother. When he sought her, to thank her for her kindness to him, she avoided him. Whether it was because he had slain her father, or from other cause, he could not tell. He could only commend her to the kindness of the Spanish commander, and urge that she might be held separate from the outlaw crew. And the Spaniard gave his promise to that effect.

Old Friday Orville claimed for his own, and as he was warmly seconded by the doctor and by Mr. Arlington, his request was granted.

On board the grand old frigate there was an anxious watcher. She had begged that she might be allowed to go in the boat with her father, but it had not been allowed. And she had waited through all the weary hours—waiting and watching, and praying God to bring back to her the loved ones of her heart.

The gray streaks of morning were softening the eastern horizon, and the warmer tints of the coming day tinged the fair cheeks of Kate Arlington, as the boats from the coral pass hove in sight. Only a little while longer, and she saw her father, and her brother, and Tom; and she knew that the dear ones were safe. And finally they stood with her upon the deck, and her watching was ended. Her brother she embraced with rapture; but when Tom approached she sank upon his bosom, and burst into wild weeping. And when he would have comforted her she cried,—

"O, Tom! Tom! if harm had come to you through my mad and foolish freak, I should have died with a broken heart!"

But her heart was whole, and when the pain of rapture had passed, she was able to look up and smile from her glad and radiant eyes.

And so the freak ended in blessing, after all; for it was surely a blessing—a blessing to thousands who knew it not—that the terrible buccaneer was swept from the seas.

And other blessings there were, and grateful hearts. When Tom and Kate were one, and had furnished a home of their own, they prevailed upon Orville to let old Friday serve them; and the faithful negro was as happy in the new home as the days were long.

Luke Gunbar entered the service of Mr. Arlington, and was honored and trusted, and he was true and faithful; and he lived to prove in his own experience that the heart that would be truly glad must be wholly upright and honest, with no taint of greed, and with no instinct of shrinking from the searching light of Heaven.

THE END.

[A new and powerfully-written story, entitled,

A FATAL INHERITANCE,

BY MISS ELIZA A. DUPUY,

will be commenced in the next number of the *Ledger*. We think it is the best story she has ever written.—ED. LEDGER.]

BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

On his face a close intentness,
In his eyes an earnest light,
Every movement or word needed
Brimful of devoted might:
It is now his time of Business,
And as at a sacred shrine,
Does he hold with creed of granite
That all duty is divine.
Nothing shall give interference;
Business first, in peace or strife:
After that, whatever offers
For the beautifying life.

On his face a relaxation—
Now amusement he has won,
For the duties are accomplished,
And he'll laugh in Pleasure's sun.
He has right to: never conscience
Pierces with some lightning thought
That some dear desire triumphed
Ere to duty dues were brought.
So no discord mars the music
Made by mind and honest heart,
But a voice from the Great Worker
Whispers, "You've well done your part."

Wise and happy man or woman,
Thus to Business loyal, yours
To add also to earth's glory
While upon the mortal shores.
Loyal work that makes the ages
Show Humanity has right
To possess the throne of Matter
With the mind's, heart's, muscle's part!
"Business then before all Pleasure,"
Let us sing on land or sea,
And the Pleasure when so earned, *must*
Larger, sweeter, holier be.

EMILY'S CURSE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Black Martha told me this story. As nearly as possible, I have given it to you in her own words. I presume it is quite true. Had some one who could read or write given me the same story, I might have suspected some romancing; but Martha is only a poor ignorant woman, once a slave, who has no idea of what romancing is, and who entered into the narration just as you or I would tell a bit of gossip about a neighbor.

She understood that it was somewhat tragic, but then it was such a common piece of tragedy to her; and her text was, that when people stepped out of their places, or were lifted out, trouble generally came to them.

"I remember Em'ly mighty well," she said. "Em'ly belonged where I did. Some of us niggers was black enough, dat's sartin; but Em'ly was pretty near as white as white folks. Mighty pretty too. Old Miss she'd bought her for a seamstess; sew and all dat, you know. And when old Miss was dead and gone, and her son Massa Charles come home to settle things off, why, Em'ly wasn't seamstess no more. She kep house, and was married to Sam, as was as white as Em'ly.

"Dere wasn't no lady in de house, and she give out stores and sich. Massa Charles thought a heap of' her. She had silk coats and bonnets and parsols. Wouldn't knowed but she was as white as chalk when she went out, totin' her dress so with one hand, and totin' her parsol with t'other, so. Hi! no, you wouldn't.

"Always had been a pet, Em'ly had. Niggers didn't have no right to talk, but Em'ly was sot up. Hi! I never see no nigger sot up so—never did.

"Massa Charles was good enough; but slaves is slaves, and massas is massas.

"Fur as I know, Massa Charles was always as soft as silk to Em'ly, and he never done nuffin but jes' cuff me when coffee was muddy, or like dat ar. Only ole Jude she use to say:

"'Ki! niggers, Massa Charles jes like ole massa. He'll get harder an' harder as he gets older.'

"Poor ole Jude! She use to sit and rock and rock dar in de cabin, and when we'd come wid our troubles she'd say:

"'Nebber mind, chillun. You all be free some day.'

"We'd laugh, an' say Jude was chilish; but it come true.

"Jude could tell what was comin' mighty smart. When we uns would go and tell how sot up Em'ly was, she'd say:

"'Won't last—won't last. I see de end—end's a comin'.

"But it didn't come for a good while.

"I was jest fifteen when Massa Charles done come home, and I was mos' twenty when Sam—dat was Em'ly's husband—died, and I was clean gone twenty when I stood by de gate one day, and saw Em'ly come out of de house looking wild like, and go down into de garden, kinder puttin' her hands out so, like she was blind.

"She had on a black silk dress and gold bracelets, and a chain on her neck with a locket on it. Whether she'd took and throwed it down, or whether she dropped it, I don't know; but when she'd gone by, I saw dat chain and locket on de grass.

"'Em'ly,' says I, 'done loss your locket?'

"She jus gave a kind of scream, and went on de same way.

"'Dat gal's gone crazy at last,' says I.

"But jest then out of the house comes her two chillun, two pretty little gals. She had another, but it was a leetle baby. And one of 'em calls, 'Mammy;' and then she runs back and takes 'em by de hand, and goes into de house.

"I went in too, and dere, down on her knees on de floor, was Em'ly at Massa Charles' feet.

"'Been too sassy at last. Dat gal has, I reckon,' says I to myself.

"'Bout dat time niggers began to talk. Massa Charles was going a courtin'. Massa Charles was going to be married. Mighty fine lady; mighty rich; mighty pretty.

"Massa Charles was off every day, all dressed up fine as fifty; and Em'ly she was sick or something; couldn't tell what ailed her.

"Any how Massa Charles was going to be married sartin, and we was to have a missus. But all de same, winter coats was to be cut out; and Massa Charles bought de stuff, and Em'ly was cuttin' them out in the big sewing room, and two seamstesses—dat was Sue and Fan—dey was bastin'. And while she was up dere, Massa Charles he came along wid a strange gempleman.

"Massa Charles looked kind of pale and queer like; kinder shamed too. I noticed dat are, but I didn't think much of it. Em'ly's children was setting on de grass a playin', and the gempleman he stopped and looked at 'em. Mighty pretty children; didn't wonder at dat; den he went into de house.

"His wagon it stood dere at de gate, and Tom he held de horse. Arter a while he came out of de house and got in; and Massa came wid him, puttin' away his pocket-book. He sets dere in dat wagon and calls to the chillun:

"'Hi! hi! come here. Want a ride?'

"'Yes,' says de poor chillun.

"'Jump in,' says he. 'Here, put 'em in, girl.'

"And I did what I was tole, of course. I put Em'ly's chillun in de wagon. Dey crowed and laughed. 'Mammy come too,' says de littlest gal; and off he drove, laughing.

"Massa Charles stood leaning against de fence, lookin' arter 'em. I jest laughed, for I Reckoned dey'd come back pretty soon; but I waited and waited, and dey didn't come.

"'Massa Charles,' says I, ''pears like dem chillun is gone quite a spell.'

"Den Massa Charles looked at me—looked kinder like de debbil might, you know. And he swore a big swear, and went into de house. And I turned sick, and began to shake all over, for I knowed Em'ly's chillun was sold.

"I went away and hid myself. I was skeered. Fear I'd say suffin sassy if I stayed, and I couldn't help cryin'. Em'ly was sot up, but dem was her chillun.

"Pretty soon I heard her callin'—callin' her babies. 'Come to mammy,' says she, soft like—'come to your mammy!' Then she begins to holler louder, kinder screaming like: 'Chillun! Chillun!'

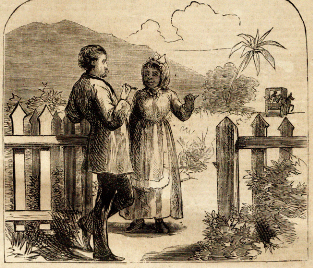
"Dere was hard cryin' all over de whole plantation dat night. Em'ly had been sot up, but, laws! to hear her scream, 'Chillun, chillun! Oh, my chillun!' de whole night through.

"Next morning dere was a wagon at de gate. Em'ly was sold too. Not with her chillun; she was sold by herself. She didn't scream none, but she looked ashy. She stood dere on de porch, and begged Massa Charles jes for dat little baby. He couldn't, or he wouldn't buy it back for her. Lord he knows which. Den she turned around and stood up straight.

"'My curse on you,' says she. 'My curse on you, Massa Charles. You know what you have done to me,' says she. 'If I am a slave, I am human; and God knows all. My curse on you. And listen: De time will come when you dat stand so high will be low down—low down, like de lowest trash,' says she. 'De time will come when you'll stand barefoot at a nigger's door and ask for food. I see it—I see it. I don't know how, but I see it. Curse you! curse you! curse you!'

"Massa stood dere, looking furious.

"'Mr. Peyton,' says he, 'dat woman is yours; but you'll oblige me by having her flogged before you take her off.'



"'Sorry I can't 'blige you, sir,' says de gempleman; 'but you see dat gal is pretty well cut up now, and I don't want no lash marks on her to-morrow, a fancy lot like dis,' says he.

"And off he drove, and none of us eber see Em'ly no more.

"And dere was a great merry-making, and presents given out to everybody next week, when de bride come home. Mighty nice woman young Missy was.

"But somehow trouble kinder seemed to fall on Massa from dat day. Crops failed, and niggers died off. At last come dat war. I was hired out in Richmond den. Massa had to hire some ob us out—got mighty poor. And dere was firin' an' crashin' kinder far off. And one mornin' I looks out of window and sees strange sojers in de streets.

"'What's dat, Pomp?' says I to Massa Griff's Pomp, dat was out on de street starin' roun'.

"'Hi!' says Pomp. 'Yankees come; we's all free.'

"So dey had. So we was. Couldn't bleef it at furst, but so we was.

"And, Missy, a good spell arter, when I was hirin' myself out and keepin' house for my ole man and chillun, somebody comes knock, knock at our own door. I looked out. Dere was Massa Charles. His clothes was ragged; and dough he had shoes, his toes was bare. He hadn't a cent in his pocket, and he'd walked from de plantation. His wife had gone back to her people, I reckon; and his house was burnt down. He hadn't anything but just de bare ground, and he was mighty miserable. He wanted breakfast, and I made him a mighty nice one; and I waited behind his cheer, and I never said nuffin sassy, but I kept a thinking all de while, 'Ah, Massa Charles, Em'ly's curse has come at last. You's come barefoot to a nigger's door to ask for victuals.' And so he had, Missy; and I allers shall think dat Em'ly's curse brought it about—dat an' de Lord's will."

BILLY'S BRIGHT IDEA.

Upon the Town Farm (or Alms-house farm) of an interior town of the State of Maine was a youth named Billy Haight. Billy's father had been an educated man, and an excellent mechanic, but rum had been his bane, and his excessively intemperate habits had visited their penalty upon his children. Billy, at the age of nineteen, had become an overgrown, good-natured fool, and had been taken in charge by the town fathers, and installed a tenant of the alms-house. In time it came to pass that Capt. Jerry Fletcher assumed the superintendency of the Town Farm, and the paupers were glad; for Capt. Jerry was a jolly, just, and humane man. Billy Haight, especially, was jubilant. His father and the Captain had been close friends in other years, and he regarded the Captain with real affection.

A few months of Captain Fletcher's rule wrought a change for the better in Billy. He had become quiet and respectful, and was induced to do much work upon the farm.

Old Parson Strong preached in the Centre Village, and occasionally he called at the Alms-house and held prayers with the inmates. Billy Haight, from some cause or other, conceived a strong liking for the parson, and not only manifested pleasure when he came, but listened attentively while he exhorted and prayed. One day Billy expressed a desire to hear Mr. Strong preach in his big church, and the parson urged Capt. Fletcher to bring him. He would run the risk. At first Fletcher demurred, but the combined persuasions of both Billy and the parson at length prevailed; and on a pleasant Sabbath in autumn Billy was suffered to accompany the captain to church.

The meeting-house was of the old style—a great square, barn-like structure, with elevated pulpit, and a broad, high gallery running around upon three sides. Billy sat in the gallery, and during all the services he was as quiet and orderly as could be. On the way home he asked Capt. Jerry if it was proper to sleep in church while the minister was preaching. The captain told him, No.

"But," said Billy, "I saw Deacon Smith and Uncle Sol. Gates and old Codger Martin asleep. I think if I was the minister I'd keep 'em awake."

"How would you do it, Billy?"

"O, I've got an idea."

"I hope it's a bright one."

"You bet."

Had the captain been wise he might have investigated Billy's bright idea further; but something occurred to turn the current of conversation, and he thought no more of it,—at least, not at that time.

When the next Sabbath came, as Billy had behaved so remarkably well on the previous occasion, he was suffered to go to church again. On this occasion Billy perched himself upon a front seat of the gallery, overlooking the congregation below. The services commenced, and went smoothly on until the sermon was well under way. By and by Deacon Smith began to nod. Billy saw the irreverent movement, and putting his hand into his well-filled pocket he drew forth a large-sized butternut, and shied it with unerring aim, hitting the nodding deacon in the centre of his bald pate, and causing him to leap with alarm, and also causing quite a commotion in his immediate vicinity.

Uncle Sol. Gates was also nodding, and upon his impiously swaying head Billy let fly a second nut. A third, shot with wonderful precision, startled old "Codger" Martin from a comfortable nap.

By this time the parson had discovered the cause of the disturbance, and just as Billy was about to throw a fourth nut he called to him authoritatively to desist.

"Go ahead, Parson," said Billy, with patronizing assurance. "Just you attend to your preaching, *and I'll keep the old sinners awake!*"

It may be needless to add that the solemnity of the service was broken for the rest of the afternoon, as, also, that Billy Haight was not taken to church again; but it is to be hoped that the execution of Billy's bright idea may not have been without some salutary result to the sleepers of the Centre Village congregation.

S. C., JR.

SCIENCE.

The distribution of the ruby and sapphire has been a subject of special study by Professor Smith of Louisville, President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, who read a paper upon it at the Dubuque meeting this year. He states that corundum is the common name of the mineral in which rubies and sapphires occur. Several months ago he received some mineralogical specimens from Montana containing these gems, which, though small, are similar to the oriental stones in transparency and capability of being polished. They were shown to the Association. The Professor believes that the so-called diamonds discovered in this country are colorless sapphires. These, if properly cut, are nearly if not quite as brilliant as the diamond, and will scratch every other mineral except the diamond itself. They probably constitute the diamonds said to have been discovered in Arizona recently. In the discussion which followed the reading of Professor Smith's paper, it was stated that the deepest blue sapphires and the faintest blush rubies are the most valuable; also, that what is called the oriental emerald—not the real emerald—is a green sapphire, and is, if of good tint, more valuable than the real emerald.

In the numerous experiments upon the impurities contained in air and rain which have been made during many years past by Dr. R. Angus Smith, general inspector of alkali works in Great Britain, he has frequently found it necessary to examine the effect of vitiated air upon breathing. For this purpose an air-tight apartment, capable of seating several persons, was employed; and the experiments were not unfrequently attended with considerable danger. A writer in *Nature* says that on one occasion a young lady "who was extremely fond of pure air, was anxious, in the cause of science, to be in the chamber when the candles went out." There would then be about 19 per cent. of oxygen and 2 1-10 per cent. of carbonic acid in the room. "She stood five minutes perfectly well, and making light of the difficulty, but suddenly became white, and could not come out without help. She was remarkably healthy, never was ill, and was troubled with no fear of the air in which she stood."

The extent to which Mr. Darwin's theory concerning man's origin is misrepresented was aptly illustrated by Sir John Lubbock, in his late address at Brighton on zoology and botany, when he said, "It is surprising how much, in spite of all that has been written, Mr. Darwin's views are still misunderstood. Thus Browning in one of his recent poems says:

"'That mass man sprung from was a jelly lump
Once on a time; he kept an after course
Through fish and insect, reptile, bird, and beast,
Till he attained to be an ape at last,
Or last but one.'

This is a theory which Mr. Darwin would utterly repudiate, and which is utterly inconsistent with his views. Whether fish and insect, reptile, bird and beast are derived from one original stock or not, they are certainly not links in one sequence." Darwin's teachings simply point to the same common origin for all animal life.

Students of anthropology, or the science of man, must regard with much regret the rapid disappearance, as well as the civilization or semi-civilization of many of the more savage races of the globe, inasmuch as we are thus deprived of the light which a study of their peculiarities would throw upon the life of pre-historic man. The Tasmanians, or native inhabitants of Van Dieman's Land, have already become extinct; the New Zealanders and the Polynesian islanders are rapidly changing their habits; and it is now difficult, if not impossible, to find a North American Indian in a state of unadulterated savagery. Col. A. Lane Fox, who mentioned these facts in his address as president of the sub-section of the British Association devoted to anthropology, said that "during the past year a single American has done more in the way of anthropological exploration than the whole of the English societies, institutes and associations together."

The recent discovery of what are supposed to be the site and ruins of the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, is a subject of congratulation among archæologists. It will be remembered that this famous shrine in Asia Minor was classed by the ancients among the seven wonders of the world. A fragment of one of the one hundred and twenty-seven carved columns which adorned the building has been sent to the British Museum by Mr. Wood, who is in charge of the excavations. It was dug from a depth of twenty-three feet, and is ornamented with five handsome figures, all somewhat defaced, but two of which are distinguishable as representing Mercury and Victory.

A curious and exceptional cause of the destruction of molluscan or shell life is mentioned by a correspondent of the *American Naturalist*. It was observed by the writer last summer (1871) near Great Salt Lake, Utah. The water of Sulphur Springs Lake, near Salt Lake City, became so reduced in volume by evaporation as to kill all the shells in it, by reason of the excess of salt held in solution by the water. There were several species of shells, and the number of individuals was large. It is suggested that such facts as these seem to explain the occurrence of beds of fossils under circumstances which show that they died from some sudden, but not very evident cause.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WAITING says: "I have read the *Ledger* for many years, and, as a consequence, have been greatly benefited thereby; but I now come, as many hundreds have before, asking your advice. My case is briefly this: I am a young man of twenty-seven years, of a good family; and from the very flattering encouragement I have received, sustain a good reputation as a business man, and as a social companion equal to most men of my age. I neither smoke nor chew tobacco; I am not in the habit of making 'night hideous,' or of being intoxicated, and although not an 'abstainer,' I seldom ever use intoxicating liquors. I am engaged, with a partner, in the mercantile business, with a moderate capital, but with good prospects. I can command about $5,000, all of which I have earned with my own hands. During the past three years and until now I have devoted my exclusive attentions to a young lady whom I have known for many years, and who is one year younger than myself. About one year ago I proposed marriage to her; which proposition, after a few days of reflection, she accepted, but said that, for the present, the consent of 'ma,' which is very essential, could not be obtained. We mutually agreed to wait a year and see if 'ma' could not be reconciled; and if, at the expiration of that time, she still refused her consent, we would then be married. The time is up, and yet she is not reconciled. The only cause of her opposition, as far as is known to me, is that she does not want to give her up, as she is the last of the girl portion of the family, the others having married and gone. Being a good Christian woman, she does not want to marry against the wishes of her mother, and she asks me to wait. She don't want to give me up, nor do I want to part with her; but I would like to have the matter settled in some way, as it at times annoys me in my business, and places me in a somewhat embarrassing position in society. In the community the opinion prevails that we are engaged, and are soon to be married; and under these circumstances it is hard work for me, as it is for any one, to conduct himself as becoming an engaged man. She asks me to wait. Now what had I better do—wait, with so little hope of a successful termination; or stop, and set out in another direction? Would it be advisable for her to disregard the wishes of her mother in this particular, and can you see in this case any 'signs of promise' for me, or at least enough to warrant me in waiting longer? I'll wait, if there is." We think "ma" is a little unreasonable; and yet, having gone so far, and all other matters being arranged satisfactorily, you would probably have reason to regret the abandonment of this hope, and the attempt to find an equally good girl without an exacting "ma." In so many cases the mothers are all so anxious to transfer the guardianship of their darling girls to other hands that the presumption is that yours is an extremely lovable person; and we propose that you now set about gaining the (maternal) affection and consent of "ma." We think you will succeed.

ST. JOSEPH (Missouri) says: "Ought a young lady marry a young gentleman whom she says she does not and never can love, because of a partial engagement, exacted from a school-girl through sympathy? And is it right for her parents to advise her to such a course, telling her that if she respects him it is sufficient—that she will learn to love him—when they are fully aware that she does love another? And should the gentleman exact a fulfillment of the engagement, knowing that she does not love him, and after she has asked to be released, even if he is ignorant that she does love another? Is it right and just for the young lady to discard forever the one she does love, and, she says, always will love, because her parents have heard, and believe, false and malicious statements concerning him, circulated by busybodies and slanderers, and because they now say, after permitting over a year of constant and exclusive attention on the part of the young man, that they will never give their consent? The gentleman last named was not until recently aware of any engagement. Please state the proper course for each to pursue, according to the circumstances as stated above." A lady ought not to marry one man whom she does not love, and love another whom she does not marry. The parents of a lady ought not to require such a course at her hands. The gentleman about to marry such a lady ought to be told the exact facts of the case, and handsomely surrender his claim, and the lady is the proper person to tell it. And finally, the man really loved, and if we understand the letter correctly, calumniated, ought to be more than commonly good, live down the slanders, receive a hearty "Bless you, my children," from the penitent parents, and be happy. This would be artistically correct, and we hope may be realized in fact.

L. (Madison, Miss.) writes: "I have an old land grant for 160 acres of the old Cherokee lands in north Georgia, in a mining country, gold diggings on every side and near to it, only thirty or forty miles from Delonega and the United States' mint. I am offered only ten dollars per acre for it. If I was not in need of money, I would not think of selling for that price, but I am thinking of starting a little mercantile business, and want a little money very much. Now what I would ask you is this: do you know anything of the section of country referred to, and if so, would you advise me to sell and commence business on this amount of capital—$1,600—or to hold, in hope that a gold mine will be discovered on it? I am not able to employ hands and miners to find out if any gold is there. With the money offered I might start a business that would make me a support, and perhaps, in time, a fortune. I am at present getting $75 per month, and can hold the position. I am an unmarried young man, and a subscriber to your valuable paper. If you will bestow a little of your good advice as regards the above, in your next issue, you will greatly oblige me." We have known large quantities of Georgia land to be sold recently at much less than ten dollars an acre. In process of time, as that State gets filled up with an industrious, producing population, real estate will undoubtedly advance in price. If the gold mines in the immediate vicinity of yours have been very productive, you had probably better hold on. But we believe most of the mining in that section has not been particularly lucrative. As you are young and unmarried, you can accumulate a small capital to commence business with from your earnings. Try to make yourself more useful to your employers, and you may thus be enabled to increase your income.

CLARIBEL (Raleigh, N. C.) says: "I have been a reader of the *Ledger* for some time, and have taken great interest in your answers to correspondents, because I believe them to be candid. I will now for the first time ask some questions. Can you tell me the names of some of Voltaire's works on infidelity? Do you think there is any impropriety in a school-girl or any other young lady's corresponding with a young man with whom she is not engaged nor related? Also, at what age is a lady called an 'old maid?' Please answer me as soon as possible." We decline to give the "names of some of Voltaire's works on infidelity" to a young lady, for reasons into which we do not enter; and we would much rather check than extend the circulation of books which, secretly procured, have ruined the life of many persons, male and female. Against such bad books parents and teachers should guard their daughters and sons just as earnestly as they would against the society of the infamous. As a consolation to you for refusing, we add, that much of what Voltaire wrote, and which you possibly think would be very "spicy," you would find rather stupid. We think there is no harm in such a correspondence as you describe if it be proper of its kind, and under the cognizance of parents or guardians. There is no specific year at which the term "old maid" becomes applicable; and a wise person will very rarely use it. It is rather a vulgar phrase, is often misapplied, sometimes gives pain, and conveys to many a silly head the notion that one should catch at anybody to avoid the stigma. Blessings on those who—often after self-denial and heart-tragedies—are called "old maids!"

EDITH says: "Having been a constant reader of your paper for years, I concluded to come to you for advice. I have for two years been receiving the attentions of a young man of excellent standing, possessing good morals. He professes to think a great deal of me, in fact, has made open confessions of love several times; but I prefer another, consequently can never reciprocate his love as I should. Please inform me by what means I can rid myself of him. I do not wish to wound him by telling him openly, nor do I wish to treat him shabbily. Please advise me what to do, and you will very much oblige." "Open confession" is proverbially good, and you cannot do better than openly confess to him that you are pre-engaged. Any true woman who appreciates the worth of a man's affection, will feel real pain at having to decline it, and will make her communication so simple, genuine and kind, as to lighten the blow in the best way. Your childish, shallow-hearted flirt, on the other hand, keeps a man hanging on, for the sake of her power and pleasure, exhibits his chains to all her friends, and sometimes dismisses him at last with insulting pity or contempt. He usually learns, in after days, to count her refusal of him a "blessing in disguise."

MYRTLE says: "Knowing you are ever ready and willing to reply to questions propounded by your subscribers, I have taken the liberty to come to you with one which has perplexed me considerably recently. I have a lover who is two years my junior, but in every respect my superior except in years. I have said I would not marry a man one day younger than myself; but I did not know his age when I first met him, and he is so different from most gentlemen, and in every way worthy of a lady's love, that I think it would not be hard to love him. Would it be right for me to accept him? I have not told him that I am his senior, and do not know what his opinion is of wives being older than their husbands. He looks as old, if not older, than I do." We think you may take back that rash vow of yours. The young man is not to be blamed for the delay of his birth a couple of years; nor is there much likelihood of your friends looking up baptismal registers to find out your respective ages; nor, finally, will it affect any great interest of yours lives if they did find them out and telegraph them over Christendom. *The myrtle is an evergreen.*

MISS E. V. (Hannibal, Mo.) says: "Will you please inform me where I can get the story of the 'Hidden Hand,' and how much it will cost? I have often heard it spoken of as one of the best stories that ever appeared in the *Ledger*, and if it is as good as some I have read, I would like to have it. Please answer as soon as you get this." You can get the "Hidden Hand" by ordering it of us, or through your newsdealer. The cost of the numbers containing it is $1.44; but, in addition to the "Hidden Hand," you get all the other stories—the sketches, essays, etc., that the numbers contain.

W. B. R. (Columbus, Miss.) writes: "I am now a clerk, but like book-keeping, and would like to know which is the most profitable, book-keeping or clerking. I mean, would there be as much probability to acquire wealth in clerking in a dry goods house as there would be in book-keeping at the usual salary?" The moderate salary which you can command in either of these occupations might make you comfortably off, but could never make you wealthy. As to which of the two is to be preferred, that is a matter of personal taste.

CHARLIE Z. (Elmira, N. Y.) says: "Please answer, through the *Ledger*, the following question: If in measuring an article we use a tea-spoon, and fill the spoon five times, is it five tea-*spoonfuls*, or five tea-*spoonsful*? I hold the first is right." So do we.

I. D. L. (Cynthiana, Ky.) says: "I am a subscriber to your most excellent paper the *Ledger*, and have long read your very satisfactory answers to correspondents with great pleasure. I have never come to you for information before, and you will confer a great favor by answering me this question. There are several individuals of my acquaintance who claim to have received their degrees from reputable institutions. They have exhibited some very gross deficiencies upon those subjects with which they should be thoroughly acquainted. Please inform me if there be any school that issues the degree of A. M. short of a classical course? Can one obtain it by completing the course in mathematics? I earnestly await your response through Notices to Correspondents." Your simplicity is excessively touching, for you evidently suppose a "degree" implies certain scholarship. To estimate its value, you have to inquire into the following points: 1st. Is it a real "degree" of its kind, or is it a *bogus* degree?—a species of manufacture brought home, for example, to an "institution," that is a scamp, in Philadelphia. 2d. What college of the two to three hundred chartered and authorized, in the United States, or what school, authorized by itself, gave it? 3d. What kind of degree it is—*ad eundem*, complimentary, or on graduating. The qualifications for the former consist for the most part of kinship, friendship, or interest with a "trustee" or "director," or such ambitious and persevering impudence as will push a claim till the *title* is secured, often as so much stock in trade. We propose as a text for Commencement, Baccalaureate, and all other sermons before college societies with high-sounding, or mystic names, Job 32:22: "For I know not to give flattering titles; in so doing my Maker would soon take me away." If Elihu's words were a prophecy regarding colleges, we should pray for its speedy fulfillment. Of course many good men hold well-won literary honors from competent institutions; and they suffer from the multitudinous pretenders.

BLUE BELL AND ROSA (Franklin Grove) say: "We have been constant readers, and have never troubled you with any questions before. By answering these few, you will greatly oblige. 1. When a gentleman calls on a lady, should she take his hat and hang it on the rack in the hall? 2. Is it proper for a young lady to have an unknown gentleman correspondent? 3. At what age should a lady be to enter society?" 1. No. Let the gentleman manage his own hat. 2. No. A lady should know to whom she writes. 3. That depends on the kind of society, the education and growth of the lady, the means and position of parents, and other considerations. The immense majority of young ladies in this and all other countries grow up in the only society they ever enter, in school, at church, the tea-party, the singing school, their circle of friends widening naturally as they reach maturity. We count this the natural, and on the whole, the best way. To seclude a young girl till she is eighteen or twenty, and then put her on the market, by "bringing her out," has more disadvantages than we can here enumerate.

NON-POLICY HOLDER (Harrisburg, Pa.) says: "Having read the New York *Ledger* for over twenty years, I think I am entitled to ask this question. I was insured in a New York Life Insurance Company in 1867; paid my premiums in full for four years; neglected, through their agent, to meet one quarterly payment; my policy was cancelled. The only way the Company would settle with me was to pay me $38 51, which I accepted, and surrendered my policy. Did they do right?" If the fault on non-payment lay with the recognized agent of the Company, you should not have been the loser at all. As to the surrender-value of your policy, that depends on many circumstances which you do not state, as your age, premium, terms of contract, etc.; but if $38 51 covered all your claims fairly, yours must have been a real case of "*modest assurance.*" The ways of agents in these things we confess to be inscrutable.

"SHAUN" (Bloomington, Ill.) says: "A constant reader of your admirable paper for years asks you for some information, through the correspondence column of the *Ledger*, in regard to the so-called 'Shaker' Societies, where they are located, their religious creed, occupations, habits, etc.; also how they could be reached by letter. You will confer quite a favor by replying." Without meaning to disoblige you, we do not think it for the public good to draw attention to any of the absurd or wicked forms of American Communism. We know none of them of which we could speak with respect, and of most of them we could only use such terms as honest persons apply to "free love," and kindred follies and abominations.

G. W. M. (New York) says: "There are two young gentlemen coming to visit me, and they very often meet. The other night, number one, as I will call him, told me if he was going to keep company with me, I must tell number two not to come to my house again. But as I like them both, I cannot decide which is the best." Number one has no right to make such a requirement of you unless you are engaged to him; and even then, while it would be improper for you to accept the marked attentions of another, it would be unnecessarily rough treatment to a young friend to forbid him your house. You could refuse him your hand without turning him out doors.

LEON (South Carolina) writes: "I intend to open business in the line of fancy goods. Hearing always of the West being prosperous for new beginners, which State of the West would you advise me to [illegible]? I have been told that Kansas City, in Missouri, [illegible] good place, but would like to have your advice." [illegible] substantial business, properly pursued, in any one of the many prosperous western towns, must be reasonably remunerative. In selecting a location we should be governed largely by considerations of healthfulness. You would do well to visit different places, and decide for yourself after personal observation.

HATTIE writes: "Is it proper for a young girl to ask a young man for his picture when he is going away? And is it proper for a young girl to ask a young man to call and see her, when she has not seen him for a long time? I am a young girl, and have no one to get advice from." It is very common, now-a-days, for young ladies to be asking young men for their pictures; but we think it a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance. If a gentleman has not called on you, you should not ask him to call. That is etiquette; but it is found very hard, in practice, to hold human hearts to every rule of etiquette.

X. Y. Z. "some years since had the misfortune to belong to the English army. He deserted, and afterward became a citizen of the United States. If he returns to England, will his papers as an American citizen protect him, both from imprisonment for his desertion, according to English law, and his liability to serve again in the English army? An answer through the medium of answers to correspondents will greatly oblige." No. We could hardly set up a claim that citizenship among us should exempt a man from the consequences of illegal acts, particularly as citizenship is of so easy acquisition by the unscrupulous.

O. E. writes: "I was on a visit to some of my relatives three months ago. While there I got acquainted with a nice young man, who visited me very often—at least twice a week. After I had been there about two months we became engaged. When I started home he asked me to correspond with him; I promised, and have been home three months, and have never received one line from him. What do you think of such conduct?" We think that unless he has been sick, such conduct should make you sick of him. [illegible] sider yourself fortunate in having discovered his [illegible] ness of purpose so soon.

L. PEDDER (Brooklyn) says: "Will you [illegible] answer, through your columns, the following [illegible] tions? When did the steamer *Great Eastern* first [illegible] to the United States? Who was her commander at [illegible] time, and what is she now used for?" We begin, [illegible] her owners, to be a little tired of the *Great Eastern* [illegible] we have given the main facts regarding her, and any more minute details—historical or biographical—not being of general interest, must be sought at the office of the agents. The greatest services of the *Great Eastern* have been in laying telegraph wires.

JERSEY (New York) says: "My friend and I [illegible] had a dispute as to what constitutes Great Britain. [illegible] claims that Great Britain is England, Scotland [illegible] Wales. I say it is England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland. My authority is Act of Queen Anne, May 1, 1707, Great Britain was made the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Who is right?" Your friend, even on your own showing. The United Kingdom includes Great Britain *and Ireland*; and Great Britain includes England, Scotland and Wales.

C. M. S. (Newbern, N. C.) says: "Several friends disagree with me as to the proper way of spelling the word *effected*, or *affected*, as used in the following sentence, to wit: 'They are compelled to discharge their cargoes at points so far from the market that their business is peculiarly much effected to their disadvantage.' Should the word be spelled '*effected* or *affected*?'" Affected. Indeed, the effect of reading your question is to make one think your desire for information in such a plain matter is affected.

NELLIE says: "Having had a misunderstanding with a young gentleman, I am anxious to know whether it will be proper for me to make the first advances toward a reconciliation, and if so, how shall I proceed to do it?" If you have been the wrong-doer, it is your duty truthfully to own the error, and make such apology or acknowledgment as your own sense of the fitness of things dictates. It will be as well not to make the reconciliation too touching and dramatic.

HENRY C. says: "You are so kind in answering correspondents, will you please give me the definition of the word Saxon and Saxon race, and oblige?" The Saxon race came from the northern part of Germany, and invaded Britain in the fifth and sixth centuries. The Saxon race includes the descendants of these invaders and of their compatriots in Germany, the portion that settled in England being known as Anglo-Saxon.

S. A. B. (Toledo, Ohio) says: "In your answers to correspondents, I notice you have given the dimensions of the *Great Eastern*; will you kindly inform me who was its builder, and about what was the cost of it, and greatly oblige?" The builder was Mr. J. Scott Russell, and the builders of the engines Watt & Company. The total cost does not appear.

CONSTANT READER (West Boylston) asks: "Can you tell me anything that will cure my hands from cracking? They crack every winter." Take particular care to wipe your hands perfectly dry whenever you wash them, and when you go out wear warm gloves, and in rainy weather, when it is not too cold, India-rubber gloves.

MCG. asks if it would be proper to be married on horseback. It would be an unusual way certainly, but perhaps not inherently improper. Many engagements have been made, but we never heard of one marriage on horseback.

VARIETY (Mississippi) says: "I read in the *Ledger* this phrase: 'They parted, lovers' fashion.' Now what is lovers' fashion of parting?" You can do without that information until you learn from experience.

BERNARD inquires: "Has Charles Dickens, author of Pickwick, ever written an original story expressly for the *Ledger*?" Yes.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*